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CONTENTS.

Editorial.—The Future of Farmers—Bohemian Oats—The American Fat Stock and Dairy Show—The Michigan Farmer's Club—The Webster Farmers' Club—The Washtenaw County Fair—Wire Worms—The Michigan Farmer's Club—The Webster Farmers' Club—The Washtenaw County Fair—Wire Worms.

Original Articles.—The Future of Farmers—Bohemian Oats—The American Fat Stock and Dairy Show—The Michigan Farmer's Club—The Webster Farmers' Club—The Washtenaw County Fair—Wire Worms.

Notes.—The Future of Farmers—Bohemian Oats—The American Fat Stock and Dairy Show—The Michigan Farmer's Club—The Webster Farmers' Club—The Washtenaw County Fair—Wire Worms.

Correspondence.—The Future of Farmers—Bohemian Oats—The American Fat Stock and Dairy Show—The Michigan Farmer's Club—The Webster Farmers' Club—The Washtenaw County Fair—Wire Worms.

Advertisements.—The Future of Farmers—Bohemian Oats—The American Fat Stock and Dairy Show—The Michigan Farmer's Club—The Webster Farmers' Club—The Washtenaw County Fair—Wire Worms.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE FUTURE OF FARMERS.

The question is often asked: Will the future years bring about as great changes as the past has witnessed? When farmers are approached with the question they are apt to overlook their own calling, to think of the improvements which apply to commerce and the trades generally, and ignore the importance which must attach to improved agriculture if kept abreast of the age. They think of telegraphs and telephones, elevated railways and steamships, but have little confidence in the ability of farmers to forward their own interests, or to improve their methods in the same degree. They have seen society sifted and screened of its brightest talents to develop commercial industries, while the farms have absorbed the ignorance, inactivity and lightweights generally which have been left behind. The boy who could rig up a gig saw out of an old sewing machine or a turning lathe from a windmill was considered too smart to follow a corn cultivator but was sent off to making steam engines, as though there was not scope enough on the farm behind the one-horse cultivator to employ his inventive genius. The boy who whistled for want of thought or whistled because it was easier than thinking, kept whistling and nailing up the old cultivator rather than think out a plan for an improved two horse one, and so the farm has seemed to sag back to the rear as the age end of industry. Associations for the promotion of science in all its branches were formed and new discoveries were heralded, applied, and become old, while agricultural stands with its hands in its pockets gaped at the spectacle. There is one society, indeed, formed for the promotion of agricultural science, whose incipient searchings give promise of effective work in the laboratory of the soil. The unfortunate fact is that only here and there is one found in the whole area of the agricultural States, whose learning and investigation has fitted him to act well his part in such a gathering, and who is capable of leading and teaching farmers the hidden mysteries of their profession. The profession of politics is little understood by farmers. They become the chessmen in the play, or the ally whose counts the game, but the inner workings of the machine are little understood. The daily papers do not chronicle the minor workings of a political club, and only its members help to trace the lines on the political chart for the prospective voyage. Farmers no doubt are invited to become members, but the club rooms are inaccessible, or often located at the metropolis of a State. Farmers who have the leisure, and a free press, are extremely scattering. One who would ride to the city to a weekly club meeting must make two blades of grass instead of one to grow by some new patent process to afford it. So the new political ship is started, the course outlined, the crew registered, and their places arranged, before the farmer is aware that even the keel is laid. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings." Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say "in our circumstances that we are underlings." The lawyer can make a pretense of business to the city at his clients' expense. The merchant, the manufacturer and the banker go on business, while the business of the farmer is to stay at home. So, as politics are now managed, I see no chance for the farmer's finger to be inserted in the political pie. Good citizenship demands that every person shall investigate the claims of all political measures, and study their practical bearings, and farmers, more than any other class of people, need to inform themselves upon all such political points, that they may stand in the breach against assaults upon their interests.

The farmer who has settled down on

bed rock practices is just the opposite of what the farmer of the future will be. He will be alert, ready to accept what proves practical and valuable in every department of his labor. Like the magnetic needle, he must change his point toward every superior attraction, and practice in accordance with experimental knowledge. He must not only be a true copyist, but he must be an investigator also, and more deeply learned in all the aids to agriculture, and continue to improve as long as he continues to cultivate the soil. There will doubtless be better aids to such improvement. An agricultural club, similar to the Chautauque Literary Institution, whose members can pursue a course of study at home, such as may be recommended by a Board of Control. An army of trained investigators would be thus graduated every year, and an impetus given to educated agriculture which it has never enjoyed. There is now a widespread prejudice against bookish, literary farmers, because they are in the minority; and their new plans and schemes are ridiculed and scouted if they happen to be out of the ordinary work-a-day style, by those who think the "old way" is good enough. Perhaps feeling goes with the majority, and when the majority look upon agriculture as a study, rather than a practice, then it will be easier to bring about changes such as shall elevate the farm above the rank of a treadmill, and win toward it the brightest and best of the farmer boys of the State. A. C. G.

BOHEMIAN OATS.

This is an ever interesting subject to farmers in this State, and very likely to be in others this coming season. The *Western Rural* says parties are at work among the farmers of Illinois selling their oats on the same old plan. In a recent issue of the *Manchester Enterprise*, Mr. J. F. Spafard of that place publishes the following correspondence:

Last spring, a number of our farmers, myself among the rest, sowed some of the Bohemian oats, and after sowing, we heard different reports as to how the business was a swindle. There have been five law-suits in our town this summer and they were decided against the parties that raised and sold the grain. If you have any oats on hand that you have raised this year, my advice to you is, don't allow them to be sold by those associations, for you will be responsible for every bushel sold. The company is not responsible for anything. Yours truly, J. F. SPAFARD.

STEEBURN, Huron Co., Sept. 1st, 1895.

Mr. J. F. SPAFARD, Sir:—Your letter of the 27th is at hand, and contents noted, and in reply I will say, let the Bohemian oats alone; by so doing you will avoid a great deal of trouble. The general opinion of the people of Huron Co. is that the business is a swindle. There have been five law-suits in our town this summer and they were decided against the parties that raised and sold the grain. If you have any oats on hand that you have raised this year, my advice to you is, don't allow them to be sold by those associations, for you will be responsible for every bushel sold. The company is not responsible for anything. Yours truly, J. F. SPAFARD.

STEEBURN, Huron Co., Sept. 1st, 1895.

Mr. J. F. SPAFARD, Dear Sir:—I received a letter from you last evening (Aug. 31st, '95). You ask me about Bohemian oats. There has been in this county for about three years quite a trade in the oats. Trade here and in other places. Many good men and men of wealth went in, but most of them have settled with their victims. There have been many law-suits, but not more than I am, not, neither have I ever been, a justice of the peace, in this, or other townships. There was a suit here yesterday, and I was one of the jurors. The man gave his note of \$100 for ten bushels of oats and he paid said note and sued the man and obtained judgment for \$168, and they will do it every time, as it is considered only a swindle, and I should think any honorable man would know that oats are not worth \$10 per bushel. The farmers here do not sow them only once. They have enough. But the lawyers are doing a good business out of the oat trade, more than the farmers. It will do quite well for one who has nothing to lose, and he may make something out of those that are foolish enough to get into that business. All about here think alike at this date. Some of the oat men have put their property out of their hands. Respectfully, A. LEWIS.

We have in the past two years, published repeated warnings to farmers against investing in these oats under the method they were being sold. There must be an end to the business, and those who went into it with the expectation of selling out and leaving some one else to stand the loss, may find themselves caught in their own trap. The correspondence above shows the way the business is likely to end in this State. It was an "Ohio idea," and like some other "ideas" from the same State, should be kept clear of.

Mr. J. W. HARRIS of Pinckney, reports weighing a heifer calf when 144 days old, sired by the Holstein-Friesian bull Jumbo Boy, by Lord's Jumbo, a male grade Shorthorn cow sired by Duke Balder, which pulled down the scales at 500 lbs. Neither cow nor calf had any extra feed, running together in the pasture. From the same dam and by a half blood Holstein-Friesian bull, a heifer 154 months old, weighed 800 lbs. She was wintered without extra care, turned out to pasture early, and part of the summer the pasture was very poor. Mr. Harris wants to know if any of the farmers in the State can make a better showing.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Now that the fair is over, a few comments, practically applied, may be of interest to the readers of the *FARMER*. As a rule the fairs in the State this year have been unusually successful; to our mind the basis of this prosperity was good crops which encouraged farmers, making them liberal and patronizing toward the annual agricultural shows.

Within the past few years the local or township fairs have been inaugurated, centralizing local effort, depriving the county fairs of the volunteer patronage of farmers who are not specialists, who by their contributions increase exhibits, giving diversity and interest, which they do not possess when societies are compelled to use extraneous means to draw a crowd, filling the stables and sheds with blanketed and groomed stock, under the control of professional exhibitors who make the exhibition more sportive than practical, giving premiums, so far as agriculture is concerned, to the non-essential above the essential. There are some township fairs that might be more properly called jockey club associations, where racing and betting are the dominating and controlling interests, which are of no value to the farmer, but with their following are a demoralizing element. It is a misnomer to call them agricultural exhibitions, by professional jockeys and sporting men. Undoubtedly we shall hit somebody in our strictures and criticisms. We are not a farmer, but an outside impartial observer, one who places great value upon agricultural exhibitions, believing as we do, that they stimulate competition and disseminate light on this, the most important of all pursuits.

The improvement in breeding of cattle within the past few years has been very marked and of great benefit to the farmer. What agriculture needs is a more general dissemination of the benefits. In Oakland County the breeding of each family is confined to a few, who are competitors at the annual exhibitions, and there seems to be prevailing a sort of a help-me-and-I-will-help-you policy, among the several breeders of the several classes of cattle.

When the merits of contending herds are tested a breeder of Shortorns is chosen to examine Herefords, and a breeder of Herefords to examine Shortorns, this alternate system running through the awarding committees on all thoroughbred and graded stock. We believe, in the interest of just and fair dealing, that competent men, outside of these special interests, should be chosen, and there are many men competent to judge, who are not in these rings, who should be selected to pass judgment on the qualities of competing herds or herds. Intelligent judgment, impartially rendered, is essential to satisfaction in awarding premiums. If the rule we have indicated were adopted societies would avoid even the appearance of injustice and partiality.

The late Oakland County Fair was the best in the stock of stock and financially of any in the history of the Society. In stock the display was exceptionally good. No such show of horses, cattle and sheep was ever seen on the ground. In cattle the dual quality of milk and meat has become the sine qua non of breeding with the farmers, who are studying closely and discriminating wisely in the selection and breeding of cattle. In horses, the combination of merit before the plow and buggy, is becoming the sought-for quality in a horse. At the late fair the quarter class was made prominent by the entries of many fine teams and single horses, with the essential qualities of strength and speed. We have no axe to grind in the agricultural mill, and if the tools we have used have been sharp they have been made keen by observation, and we trust will not fall useless at the foot of the tree whose injurious branches we have tried to prune away. M. W. POSTAGE, October 16, 1895.

WIRE WORMS.

LENAVER JUNCTION, Mich., Oct. 14, 1895.

Prof. A. J. Cook.

Enclosed I send you two specimens of what we call "wire worms." Last spring I plowed up corn stubble and sowed oats on one of my fields. Soon after the oats were up this worm attacked them in spots and literally ate them up. I have sowed this same ground to wheat this fall and now this chap is taking it just as he did the oats. I wish if not too much trouble you would tell me either direct or through the *MICHIGAN FARMER* what the character of this worm is and how it may be destroyed, if at all, and greatly oblige S. B. MANN.

ANSWER.

ENTOMOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT, AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Oct. 17, 1895.

These are the real "wire worms," which is another name for the larva or grub of our Elater beetles. The grubs are light yellow with darker head, have six small legs back of their head, and look not unlike a wire form. They live three years in the ground as larva or grubs, the only state in which they do any harm. The brown cylindrical beetles—which are called snap beetles as they can spring up if placed on their backs—lay their eggs in grass, and the first year after the sward is plowed eat roots and do little or no

THE WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

On Saturday, October 10th, it was the good fortune of the Webster Farmers' Club to have the privilege of meeting at the residence of Mr. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg. A better day or a better attendance could not have been desired. The greater part of the forenoon was taken up in arranging and viewing the exhibit, for the fair was held in connection with the meeting. These exhibits consisted mostly of wheat, corn, fruit, and vegetables, and were shown as samples of what the club members are raising on their farms. Everything was fine, from the many new varieties of wheat and potatoes, to the hundred-pound pumpkins and squashes. Some specimens of very good wheat and corn raised on low, marshy land, which has hitherto been considered worthless, attracted much attention. They were even better than what grew on the upland, and showed what might be done by draining and working up the marsh lands.

THE AMERICAN FAT STOCK AND DAIRY SHOW.

The Prospects Good for the Finest Exhibition Yet Held.

The preparations being made by the officers of the various live stock breeders' associations for their annual meetings in Chicago during the continuance of the American Fat Stock and Dairy show, indicate an unusually large gathering of the prominent live stock men from all portions of the United States and Canada. The eighth annual American Fat Stock and Dairy show will be held in the Exposition building, Chicago, commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10, next, and closing at 10 o'clock p. m. Thursday, Nov. 19. The attendance at the last fat stock show exceeded 100,000, and there is every reason to expect a much larger attendance at the next. The prominent farmers and stock men of the country have made arrangements to hold their annual meetings for this year at Chicago during the Fat Stock show, at which time and place for years past there has been a grand live stock breeders' rally, representing the most progressive and successful live stock breeders of America. The meetings already provided for are as follows:

- Nov. 10-14, Tuesday-Saturday, the twelfth annual convention of the National Butter and Cheese Association, at the Grand Pacific hotel.
- Nov. 11, Wednesday, the National Normal Horse Breeders' Association, at the Sherman house, at 7 o'clock p. m.
- Nov. 11, Wednesday, National Swine Breeders' Association, at the Sherman house, at 7 o'clock p. m.
- Nov. 12, Thursday, the Percheron Horse Breeders' Association of America, at the Grand Pacific hotel, at 7 o'clock p. m.
- Nov. 12, Thursday, the American Shire Horse Breeders' Association, at the Sherman house, at 7 o'clock p. m.
- Nov. 13, Friday, the National Poland China Association, at the Sherman house, at 7 o'clock p. m.
- Nov. 13, Friday, the American Hereford Cattle Breeders' Association, at the Sherman house, at 7 o'clock p. m.
- Nov. 13, Friday, the American Clydesdale Association, at 7:30 p. m.
- Nov. 13, Friday, the American Aberdeen Angus Breeders' Association, at the Grand Pacific hotel, at 7 o'clock p. m.
- Nov. 14, Saturday, the American Berkshire Association, at the Sherman house, at 7:30 p. m.
- Nov. 16, Monday, the American South-down Breeders' Association, at the Sherman house, at 7:30 p. m.
- Nov. 16, Monday, the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, at the Grand Pacific hotel, at 2 o'clock p. m.
- Nov. 17, Tuesday, American Cotswold Association, at the Sherman house, at 7:30 p. m.
- Nov. 17, Tuesday, the Oxford Sheep Breeders' Association, at the Sherman house, at 7:30 p. m.
- Nov. 17 and 18, Tuesday and Wednesday, the National Cattle Growers Convention, at the Exposition building, 10 o'clock a. m. and 2:30 o'clock p. m.
- Nov. 18, Wednesday, the American Shorthorn Breeders' Association, at the Grand Pacific hotel, at 7:30 p. m.
- Nov. 19, Thursday, American Duroc Jersey Swine Association, at the Grand Pacific hotel, at 7 o'clock.

THE WASHTENAW COUNTY FAIR.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., October 16, 1895.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

While the successful issues of the various fairs throughout the State are being published, it will hardly do to leave the Washtenaw Society out, more especially as the fair just closed is the only successful one the Society has had for some years, the weather being unfavorable. But this year the weather was fine, and every thing passed off accordingly.

Our rivals in the Grecian City may now see that "the fault was not in ourselves but in our stars that we were underlings."

This year we have no drunkenness, no obscene shows and no gambling to chronicle. The society begins another year with better prospects than heretofore. W. F. B.

In the monthly crop report of the Department of Agriculture published last week, Michigan is put down as producing a wheat crop this year that averaged 29 bushels to the acre. This is either an error of the Department printer or the compiler, as our crop will not average over 20 bushels, and that is one of the highest averages ever reported by a State, although a little under the yield of this State in 1879.

At the Agricultural College farm there were cut this year sixty tons first cutting of clover and timothy, and twenty tons of second cutting from twenty-two acres, making a total yield of three and seven-eighths tons to the acre.

THE AWARDS AT NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. Ray Replies to Mr. Perrine.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

There are a few points in Mr. Perrine's letter that I desire to notice through your columns. However much these men may desire and labor to advance the idea that as a member of the jury of awards at New Orleans I was a creature of their own creation at the meeting of exhibitors, the public in general will not be likely to forget that my appointment came from Mr. Cross, the Superintendent of sheep, upon the recommendation of the meeting of Vermont exhibitors at Middlebury, Vt.; and further that they had no right to displace me as a judge, or assign me a position, but simply to fill whatever vacancy there may have been in the jury of awards. What occurred in these meetings or the bickerings among exhibitors, is a matter that does not interest me in the least, and for which I am not responsible.

To me it is an unpleasant task to be compelled to prove or show that the published statements of an individual are absolutely false in order to defend myself. What Mr. P. quotes me as saying to somebody's hired man that I supposed was a Shropshire breeder "that the Vermont men would go home and talk and laugh over getting all the first premiums at the World's Fair," seems to me to be too ridiculous to gain credence with any intelligent man. How could I anticipate the probable action of my associates? Again, I did not examine a single sheep or talk with any one so as to learn of their comparative merits before their appearance in the show ring. The whole statement is false in every particular and like others of the same batch that went the rounds of the exhibitors during the show; one of them which reached the Vermont committee to select their exhibit for New Orleans, and another which Mr. P. will recall as told him by an Ohio exhibitor, that Mr. Spivey had been talking to me about his (Perrine's) sheep, and had succeeded in prejudicing me against them to that extent that I would not do them justice; and, by the way, this was the reason assigned in New Orleans for Mr. Perrine's withdrawal from the show. Let us hear from Mr. Spivey upon this point. Now each and every one of the above named statements are false in detail. "I noticed that Burwell, Spivey and Ray spent a great deal of their time together before the show. Well, who had a better right? We were in a strange city, among a strange people; I found these men jolly companionable fellows (your kind and mine, Mr. Editor) and I enjoyed their company, and if Mr. Perrine had been of a social turn we might have had a quartette instead of a trio. Seriously, not a word passed between us but that we would have said before Mr. P. or any and all of the sheep men."

We now come to a point that displays both the inventive genius and elastic imagination of the author of the letter under consideration, and develops a new theory for my official action that knocks that of Mr. Purvis' Pauline Register into smithereens, and which proves beyond a doubt that Ray was booming his own flock by voting the awards to Burwell and Spivey's. "I asked him what kind of sheep he was breeding; he said both families of Merinos, but of late he was breeding Jones rams." Now what could have been my motive for telling him that I was breeding from Jones rams, a statement so easily proved to have been false by every man acquainted with my breeding? I never owned a Jones ram, never bred but one lamb from a ram of his breeding, and that was twenty years ago. No, Mr. Perrine, I never told you any such thing. I may have told you that a few of my so-called Atwood ewes were got by a ram from Mr. Jones' All Right, which is true, but further than this, never. For the past four years I have not bred more than a dozen lambs from other than a ram of the Bismarck family.

"The private letter Mr. Ray speaks of is basely misrepresented as to my opinions of the first prize sheep." Mr. Perrine's letter bearing date of June 10, 1895, lies before me and in which the sentences characterizing Mr. Burwell's sheep as "slab-sided, narrow, contracted, crooked hind ends, with so many wrinkles on hips that it gives them a drooping down appearance in hind parts, indicating French blood," do not appear at all. Let the reader compare what he now says with these sentences stricken out with my quotation in reply to Mr. Purvis and judge for himself whether I misquoted or not. If the language contained in portions of Mr. Perrine's letter bearing the above date was not too low and obscene to appear in public print I would gladly furnish it to your readers.

"After the show was all over Mr. Ray came to me for a pedigree of a yearling ram and said he was the best Atwood ram he knew of. He asked the price of service, said there was a breeder in his State that he thought would like to send some ewes next season, then went to my pens and wrote out a full description of said ram—all this stuff after voting my ram and his (Continued on eighth page.)

SHORTHORNS UNDER THE HAMMER.

Sale of a Draft from the Herd of Wm. and A. McPherson, of Howell, Livingston County.

I. G. M.

On Thursday last, as announced, the sale of a portion of the Shorthorn herd of Wm. and Alex. McPherson of Howell, took place at their stock farm just outside the limits of the town. The day was fine, the attendance good, and the prices realized fair, the buyers having the best of it in most instances. Mr. J. A. Mann, of Kalamazoo, officiated as auctioneer, and acquitted himself with honor in that trying position. In fact we don't think any one could have done better with the cattle than he did, or given better satisfaction to the purchasers. Among the stockmen in attendance we noticed B. F. Batchelor, Wm. Ball, E. W. Harley, H. L. Dossie, A. A. Wood, S. R. Crittenden, W. E. Boyden, Geo. Phelps, A. P. Cook, O. R. Pattengill, L. L. Brooks, S. H. Elwood, J. W. Hibbard, C. Hibbard, Chas. Fishbeck, C. F. Fishbeck, N. A. Clapp, N. E. Gibbard, C. F. Moore, Prof. S. Johnson, Prof. A. J. Cook, A. J. Leland, E. T. Putnam, W. H. Gilkes, Wm. Fishbeck, H. W. Bradford, Eugene Rook, J. S. Crosby, W. G. Crosby, W. T. Johnson, Geo. Dittus, Thos. Birkett, W. W. Baker, G. L. Wolcott, L. M. Kelsey, F. Warner, John Schoenhalle, E. P. Kelsey, and a number of others.

The following is a list of the animals sold and the purchasers, with the prices paid:

- Waterloo 39th, by Imported Grand Duke of Thorndale (31264), out of Waterloo 34th, by Wallace (23169). Prof. A. J. Cook, Orono, \$250.
- Oxford Vanquish 5th, by 2nd Duke of Aldrie (19388), out of Oxford Vanquish 6th, by Beau of Oxford 4508. E. Rook, Ypsilanti, \$250.
- Boston's Belle, by Aldrie Duke 8306, out of Boston's 4th, by Imp. Roy Richard 15415. H. W. Bradford, Plymouth, \$125.
- Mazurka Lass, by Treble Mazurka 25045, out of Lissa 3d, by Duke of Hillsdale. A. J. Leland, Fenton, \$100.
- Mazurka Lass 3d, by Waterloo Duke 34072, out of Mazurka Lass, by Treble Mazurka 25045. A. J. Leland, Fenton, \$75.
- Howell Darlington 3d, by Waterloo Duke 34072, out of Darlington 37th by Imp. Grand Duke of Thorndale (31268). C. F. Fishbeck, Howell, \$250.
- Oxford Vanquish 16th, by Waterloo Duke of Hillsdale (31264), out of Oxford Vanquish 10th by Baron Oxford 2nd (23376). C. F. Fishbeck, Howell, \$250.
- Oxford Vanquish 30th, by Barrington Duke of Sharon 54679, out of Oxford Vanquish 18th by Waterloo Duke of Howell 41248. C. F. Fishbeck, Howell, \$250.
- Oxford Vanquish 20th, by Waterloo Duke 34072, out of Prince's 1st by Gen. Grant 23228. N. E. Gibbard, Charlotte, \$100.
- Oxford Vanquish 20th, by Waterloo Duke 34072, out of Prince's 1st by Gen. Grant 23228. N. E. Gibbard, Charlotte, \$100.
- Oxford Vanquish 10th, by Waterloo Duke 34072, out of Imp. Oxford Vanquish 4th, by Baron Oxford 2nd (23376). J. S. & W. G. Crosby, Greenville, \$200.
- Lissa 10th, by Waterloo Duke 34072, out of Lissa, by 3rd Duke of Hillsdale 9664. S. H. Elwood, Fenton, \$100.
- Princess Norma, by Treble Mazurka 25045, out of 2nd Queen of Dexter, by 3rd Duke of Hillsdale 9664. S. H. Elwood, Fenton, \$100.
- Oxford Vanquish 3d, by Waterloo Duke 34072, out of Lissa 3d, by Gwyneth 23385. J. S. & W. G. Crosby, Greenville, \$150.
- Oxford Vanquish 36th, by Barrington Duke of Sharon 54679, out of Oxford Vanquish 10th, by Waterloo Duke 34072. W. T. Johnson, Northville, \$175.

RULES.

Waterloo Duke 34072, by Imp. 4th Duke of Clarence 26183, out of Oxford Waterloo 5th, by Duke of Athelstane 22666. Prof. A. J. Cook, Orono, \$100.

Barrington Duke of Sharon 54679, by Barrington Duke 3d, out of Rosebud of Sharon, by Aldrie 3478. A. P. Cook, Brooklyn, \$150.

Sharon Duke, by Barrington Duke of Sharon 54679, out of Miss Waterloo 3d, by Waterloo Duke 34072. George Dittus, White Oak, \$50.

Howell Duke, by Barrington Duke of Sharon 54679, out of Howell Waterloo, by Waterloo Duke 34072. W. W. Baker, Ionia, \$80.

Mazurka Duke, by Waterloo Duke 34072, out of Princess Norma, by Treble Mazurka 25045. N. E. Gibbard, Charlotte, \$75.

Oxford Vanquish 1st, by Waterloo Duke 34072, out of Imp. Oxford Vanquish 4th, by Baron Oxford 2nd (23376). G. L. Wolcott, Howell, \$65.

Oxford Duke, by Barrington Duke of Sharon 54679, out of Oxford Vanquish 10th, by Waterloo Duke 34072. L. M. Kelsey, Ionia, \$60.

Phyllis Duke 5th, by Barrington Duke of Sharon 54679, out of Boston's Belle, by Aldrie Duke 8306. A. J. Leland, Fenton, \$60.

Wiley Duke, by Wiley Oxford 3411, out of Raspberry 4th, by 1st Duke of Wheatfield 26417. John Schoenhalle, Brighton, \$60.

Nineteen cows and heifers, some of the latter only a few weeks old, sold for \$2,775, an average of \$146. Nine bulls and bull calves sold for \$765, an average of \$85. This is the most successful sale of Shortorns that has been held in this State for years.

GEORGE W. HILL, commission and seed merchant of this city, has shown us a very fine sample of white wheat. It is a production of India, and if it will reproduce itself in this climate, may prove valuable to our farmers. It was received too late for this season's sowing, but will be on sale for 1896.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our good salary \$75 per Month and Expenses. Car-vassing outfit and Particulars FREE.
STANDARD SILVER-WARE CO., Boston, Mass.

Incorporated 1884.
Bradford Co.
 Sole Manufacturers of the
BRADFORD PORTABLE MILLS
 For Any Kind of
SMALL GRAIN.
 Also Manufacture
all Machinery,
 33 Lock Street,
 Cincinnati, O.
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TRIPLE GEARED MILL!
 GREATLY IMPROVED

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Horticultural.

PEAR BLIGHT.

As there is a wide difference of opinion among practical horticulturists as to the cause of pear blight; and as many remedies recommended are based upon incorrect knowledge of the origin of the disease, we give the following from Prof. J. C. Arthur, of the New York Experimental Station, on his experience and researches into its causes, and remedies. The Professor says:

"The progress of the work at the Station on pear blight this season has been substantial and practical. The work last year established the infectious nature of the disease. The large number of artificial inoculations made for this purpose were quite free from any danger of accidental contamination, as there was no spontaneous occurrence of the disorder in the orchard, or the immediate vicinity. This year the disease has shown itself in force, over one third of the trees of the orchard being attacked, as well as the trees in adjoining grounds, and the nursery stock, hawthorn hedges, etc., of the vicinity. This opportune visitation has permitted a very thorough study of the progress of the disease in its virulent form."

"Last year's work, as well as that of Prof. Burrill in Illinois some time since, indicated that the disease does not as a rule spread from limb to limb, and as we have now discovered the reason why it does not, and what is more important, have found out the manner and time of its real attack upon the tree—when it first finds entrance into the tissues and begins the work of destruction."

"While making a stroll the last day of June a solitary hawthorn shrub was met, with the larger part of the leaves brown and dead. Its odd appearance attracted attention, and a close inspection indicated that it was suffering from blight, a conclusion fully corroborated by a subsequent microscopic examination. In all cases the blighting had evidently begun at the end of the short spurs along the sides of the limbs. These spurs usually terminate in one or more clusters of flowers in the hawthorn, which at that time had long passed, and on the unjoined parts had matured into fruit fully two-thirds grown. On the diseased spurs, however, the dead flowers had not perceptibly developed beyond the condition of flowering. Here was surely a significant fact. The blight must have attacked these parts not later than the period of flowering, which this year was from the middle to the twentieth of May. The germs found a favorable place of entrance through the moist surface inside the flower, and from that point passed down the flower stalk into the branch, and so on, killing the tissues as it progressed. In cases where it did not find entrance in this way, it attacked those shoots of the present season which were making the more vigorous growth, as the length of the internodes and the number of partially grown leaves on the dying portion, readily showed. Subsequent inspection of several untrifling hawthorn hedges near the Station confirmed all that has been said above, both in regard to the behavior and extent of the disease."

"The orchard was at once carefully gone over, and evidences of blight were found in no less than one-third of the trees. The following varieties were among the blighted ones: Bartlett, Buffum, Doyenne Bousquet, Flemish Beauty, Mt. Vernon, Seckel, Sheldon, and White Doyenne. In fact, the blight seemed no respecter of varieties so far as our assortment was concerned, for all kinds on one side of the orchard were touched, while almost every tree on the opposite side remained free. It was found that in many instances the entry had been made through the flowers as in the hawthorn, but more often through the growing tip of a branch. An armful of blighted branches from Kieffer pears, which are not found in our orchard was brought me on July 24th as badly blighted as any one seen."

"The blighted branches were removed with pruning shears on July 1, by a day laborer who was none too keen-eyed. Ten days afterward the orchard seemed far more blighted than at first, and in many instances it had struck at the bodies of the larger limbs, and in one instance at the trunk below the limbs."

"There was now a marked difference in the amount of blight showing on the several varieties. The Bartlett led them all, some of the larger trees being so much affected that when the diseased branches were removed there was but little of the top left."

"At first this was puzzling. A careful study of the case, however, furnished a solution. Although all had probably taken the blight about equally, yet it had spread through the tissues at very different rates in the different varieties. The Bartlett showed itself the most susceptible. The apparently rapid blighting of large limbs was readily traced to the incursion of the disease through the short spurs near their bases. In the less susceptible varieties the disease had not traveled the whole length of the spur at the time of the first pruning, and was therefore all removed. In the most susceptible kinds it had gone the length of the spur and already entered the large limb when the spur was cut away. Here it did not take long to girdle the limb, prevent the passage of sap, and thus practically kill it. In a single instance where blight occurred on the trunk of a tree below the branches it was perfectly evident that it had entered through a vigorous young shoot that had started out at that point last spring. The failure to cut it away before the blight reached to the trunk cost us the entire tree."

"In addition to the out-of-door observations, a very extended course of experiments in the house has been carried on. It is only necessary to refer to these in the present connection in order to mention the artificial cultivation of the germs of the blight. These have been grown in

sterilized infusions of corn, meal, hay, barn-yard manure, green fruits, starch, etc. The important point is they will live and thrive outside the tree in organic substances."

"These are the facts. They explain the phenomena of pear blight in this way: The disease is due to living germs. These germs can live and multiply indefinitely in any damp spot where there is decomposing vegetable matter. From such places they are raised into the air when dry, or carried up by moisture. From the air they lodge upon the trees, and when the conditions are favorable, pass into the tissues and cause the blight. The conditions referred to are in general (1) very tender tissues, such as are found within the flowers and at the ends of expanding shoots in spring, and (2) a moist atmosphere. No varieties are entirely blight proof, but the disease spreads so slowly in some that they receive little injury, especially when making too rapid growth. The reason why the blight, when seen in July and later, does not pass directly from one limb to another, or from one tree to another, is because in the first place the germs cannot escape, being confined by the bark, or else in a viscid exudation which holds them firmly together; and, in the second place, there are very few places on the tree at this time of the year where the surface tissues are sufficiently tender for them to find an entrance."

"Does not all this suggest some thoughts regarding preventives and remedies? Do not force the trees into too rapid growth by heavy fertilizing or otherwise. Place no confidence in sulphur, lime, or washes and applications of any sort. Promptly remove every trace of the disease a foot or more below the lowest spot where it shows, and burn the branches."

For the Michigan Farmer.

GRAPE ROT.

The experience of Mr. Robinson, of Detroit, regarding the grape rot, is in accordance with my observations here, though no one has carried out the plan thoroughly."

I have observed that the rot makes a small beginning at first, and spreads in a few years till the entire vineyard is destroyed. I have but a few hundred pounds of sound grapes in a two acre vineyard, which, in the early part of the season, gave promise of at least ten tons of grapes. Mr. J. Taylor, of this place, sold the grapes in a two and one-half acre vineyard for seven dollars; this was all he could save from the rot. The rot does not appear near as much in small vineyards, say of 50 to 200 vines. I have a young vineyard coming into bearing in which there is but little rot; but on the lowest ground of the same there is considerable. I have observed that where vineyards are isolated from older ones, the grapes rot but little on young vines; or in other words, where the vineyard is but coming in to bearing. But on the other hand, on young or recently planted vines in old vineyards, or where the rot had been prevailing, the grapes rot as bad as on the older vines. The same fact seems to hold good where young vineyards are adjacent to older vineyards. I know such a vineyard in which nearly all the grapes rotted this year. These observations indicate that the disease is contagious, and must be battled with in time."

I wish you would keep an eye on the results of bagging grapes, by those who have experience in this direction, and report in the FARMER."

In discussing the merits of new varieties of grapes, I think it is folly to state that such and such a variety does not rot. It looks to me like saying that such and such plums are curculio proof; and such and such varieties of apples are worm proof. I have a promising new sort in bearing, which, isolated from vines where the rot prevails, is free from rot, but the same in Mr. Taylor's vineyard rotted badly, so Mr. Taylor informed me."

JACOB GANZHOFF.

ANN ARBOR, Oct. 10, 1885.

AMERICAN APPLES IN LIVERPOOL.

Recently 10,000 barrels of apples were shipped from New York, and on the 5th inst. they were sold in Liverpool. King apples from Tompkins County, New York, brought 16s. a barrel; Baldwins, 14s; and Greenings, 12s. The expense of putting the apples on the English market, including everything from the picking of the fruit to its delivery in Liverpool, averaged 6s. for the Kings, 5s. for Baldwins, and 4s. for Greenings. The fact that English orchards produce green apples only accounts in great part for the higher price brought by the red-cheeked Kings. The prices obtained are very profitable compared with what the markets on this side are offering. In many parts of New York, Pennsylvania and throughout New England, the apple crop is so enormous this year that barrels heretofore have been practically worth more empty than they are filled with the fruit. It is probable now that large shipments will be made, and that the fruit which was regarded as worthless to the grower may yet bring him a fair price. For the English market the selection and packing of the fruit must receive the closest attention, or the long voyage will not leave it in salable condition."

HARVESTING WINTER APPLES.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I give herewith my plan for harvesting winter apples: Take a two-horse wagon with box on; place two cross pieces, one at each end; let them extend nearly to the wheels; put a plank or board about a foot wide on each side lengthwise of the box; fasten them together with spikes or nails, and chain to the box. Hitch on a steady team and drive under your trees. You have a good chance to pick standing on your planks, which lie flat. Then let your man take a ladder and pail, and your boys climb the trees and pick and hand down their baskets to the one standing on the side boards. Begin to fill the back end of your wagon first. You have a rig whereby you can pick a good share of your apples and have

a good place to stand while doing it; when the box is filled start for the barn. Pick up the apples, leaving out leaves and limbs. Put blankets in the bottom of the box. Then you have the apples under shelter and can pack any time you want to—rain or shine. I can pick and shelter from 75 to 100 bushels per day in good order, with a man and two small boys in this way."

OVID, Oct. 13, 1885.

G. H. WARREN.

Apples at the North.

A. A. Wright, writing to the Canadian Horticulturist from Renfrew, Canada, says:

"It is particularly disheartening to cultivate your fruit-bearing trees successfully for several years, and then, just when you begin to hope and believe that you have at length secured a collection of trees that will withstand the rigor of your climate, to have one of those 'test winters' come moving along and sweep nearly all before it. Such an one is that through which we have just passed."

"We have learned, however, that in apple trees the cold-resisting powers are greatest in the following:

"The Wealthy must stand at the head of the list. On every side we hear nothing but good reports of its hardiness and excellence of fruit. So far at least as we now know it is the longest keeper we can grow, and is in every respect a most desirable tree to plant."

"The Yellow Transparent, too, came through the past season without the loss of a single bud, and my trees are now (August 20th) laden with beautiful golden fruit almost ripe enough for the harvest. It is the earliest ripener I have yet grown, and being undoubtedly hardy is a very valuable and desirable tree to plant."

"The Peach of Montreal, as well as the Alexander, can also be highly recommended for extreme northern sections."

"You will doubtless be surprised to learn that the Duchess of Oldenburg has this season not sustained its well earned reputation for hardiness and endurance of extreme cold. Mine are not dead, but strange to say that in the spring they failed to leaf out as usual, but instead there came quite a profusion of blossom, which soon died away, leaving only a bleak, leafless tree, having all the appearance of a dead worthless thing. In about three weeks, when the later rains came on, signs of returning life were to be seen, and in the course of time new leaves appeared and although there is yet fruit I have hopes that the trees will not survive to be of some use to me."

"I may add that this is exactly the experience of several of my neighbors, and applies not only to the Duchess, but also to the Tetofsky, Scott's Winter, Canada Baldwin, Magog Red Streak, and several other so-called ironclads."

"The death-rate, however, is not confined to our older varieties, but sad havoc has been made among the Russians."

"Experience here goes to show that these are not all by any means hardy, but only after years of trial shall we be able to know those that will withstand our climate."

Early Apples.

There is a growing indisposition to cultivate the earlier varieties of apples, on account of the difficulty in marketing them. They ripen at a time when those engaged in general farming are busiest, and also at a time when the markets are glutted with the small fruit of Summer. This last will always be the case, and it is hardly probable that early apples will ever be largely salable at as high prices as those which will keep until winter, and thus have a market when other fruit is scarce. Still, there will always be some demand for early apples, and growers of varieties which ripen early may pretty surely count on a crop every year, as the fruit matures soon enough to allow fruit buds to form for the following season. But to make early apples bear every year the codling moth must be carefully destroyed. The early fruit, being most advanced, is especially liable to injury from the codling moth, and the worms it breeds furnish a later crop which will destroy the later-ripening varieties.—*American Cultivator.*

This shipment of grapes from Vineland, N. J., this season up to October 10th aggregated nearly 700 tons, or 1,400,000 lbs. The crop is not yet all marketed, and the above amount does not include the grapes which have been made into wine, either fermented or unfermented. The price has averaged three cents per pound, gross, out of which sum has to be taken the price of marketing, such as freight, commission, and expenses of packing, etc., so that the price netted to the grower will not be more than two cents per lb., or say \$30,000 for the 1,400,000 lbs. marketed."

The last Australian steamer from San Francisco carried 12,000 boxes of apples. These apples were all selected fruit and packed in the orchards expressly for shipment, each apple being wrapped in paper. The Los Angeles Herald in alluding to the large shipment of fruit and produce from California, states that the shipments by sea and rail from Los Angeles consist of a wonderful list of articles which would fairly astonish the people that live on the other side of the mountains, where winter rules for half the year."

CALIFORNIA fruit is shipped to the east at the rate of \$600 for each car of green fruit per passenger train. The rate per freight train is \$300 per car. President Stanford, of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads, recently proposed to the fruit growers that if they would make up a train of 15 or 18 cars, once, twice or three times a week, he would send it through to Chicago in the same time as the recent tea trains, which was less than that of the passenger trains."

The early frosts this season seem to have done great damage to cucumber growers, and in consequence a pickle and pick and hand down their baskets to the one standing on the side boards. Begin to fill the back end of your wagon first. You have a rig whereby you can pick a good share of your apples and have

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The shipments of California fruits to the East up to August 1, were 1,335 carloads, and will probably reach 1,800 carloads by the end of the season. Estimating 20,000 pounds to the car, this makes 36,000,000 pounds of green fruit for 1885, against 12,000,000 pounds for 1884 and 500,000 in 1875."

The apple crop in Pennsylvania is an enormous one this season. One farmer, a Mr. Pershing of Fayette County, is said to have 1,000 bushels in his orchard, which he has offered free to any one who will take them away, and will pay the party besides \$10 for his trouble. This is certainly having too much of a good thing."

We received from A. J. Caywood & Son of Marlboro, N. Y., a small box of their new grape, the Ulster Prolific. It arrived in such poor shape that it is impossible to say anything in regard to it, the fruit having all dropped from the bunches, and most of it being over-ripe. The grape is of medium size, greenish-red in color, and apparently of fine flavor and quality."

Horticultural Notes.

THE Grand River Valley Horticultural Society recently decided that in starting a blackberry plantation it was cheapest to buy root cuttings rather than use suckers, although more expensive at the outset."

An Ohio farmer is a strong advocate of the idea that apples grown on certain soils keep better than on others. He says Willow Twigs grown on red clay do not keep well, but his trees on yellow clay bear fruit which keeps till after harvest."

For localities where even the hardy Fameuse apple is grown with difficulty, Prof. Budd says a Russian variety, "Longfield" in English, "Longfield" in Russian, will succeed. It is yellow, a good bearer, and has good keeping qualities."

Mr. BAILEY, member of the Grand River Valley Horticultural Society, thinks that pruning squash vines is a good thing. On well cultivated ground the vines as they grow send out roots and take care of themselves and hence cutting the ends of the leaders he thought resulted in much good."

A. S. FULLER, of New York, says it is evident that the influence of the pollen in strawberries, extends not only to the seed and fleshy receptacle or fruit, but to the stalks and entire plant. The influence of pollen is so great in many instances as to change the size, form, color, and even the flavor of the fruit."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Rural New Yorker says: "There is without doubt a grave error in the spelling of the King Humbert Tomato. It should evidently be spelled King Humbert, as it proves to be nothing more than the old Red Pear-shaped of twenty years ago. It is certainly a grand humber."

THE Rural New Yorker on apple gathering: "In picking and handling, their delicate structure should never be forgotten; no matter how small the bruise may be, every one delects from their keeping qualities. No apple intended for anything but cider making or hog feeding should ever be clubbed or shaken from the trees, or when picked, thrown about, or dropped into barrels, but in every operation every apple, intended for market or home use, should be handled as carefully as if an egg."

Mr. MOODY, of New York, clears his orchard of the codling moth by spraying the trees with a solution of London purple, in ratio of one-half pound to 80 gallons of water, by means of a force pump and a barrel on a wagon. He had a machine so arranged that the spokes of the wheels did the pumping as the wagon progressed. One man could manage it and could sprinkle 1,000 trees a day, at a cost of not more than one-half cent per tree. The fruit was fair and without a worm in it."

PROF. COOK, in his paper on Economic Entomology, read before the American Pomological Society, says the reason why imported insect pests are for a time more destructive than native species is in the fact that they have fewer parasites or predaceous enemies to contend with. In the course of a few years these enemies increase in such numbers as to hold them in check. He said that new insect pests are learning to feed upon plants heretofore not disturbed by them, so that the entomologist has constant work before him. Another thought was that as insects increase in variety and number insecticides are multiplied in equal if not greater proportion."

Wale's Honey the great Cough Cure, 25c. and 50c. Glen's Sulphur Soap heals & beautifies, 25c. Corman's Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions, 25c. Hilt's Hair Whisker Dye—Black and Brown, 50c. Filer's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c. Dean's Rheumatic Pills are a sure cure, 50c.

Apriarian.

NATIONAL BEE-KEEPERS' CONVENTION.

This convention will meet in Detroit, December 8th, 9th, 10th. The past week Messrs. Cutting, Hutchinson and Rose of the State Bee-keepers' Association, were in the city and perfected all arrangements for the meeting. A convenient hall has been engaged and hotel accommodations secured. A large attendance is looked for, and it is believed that fully 250 apriarians from all parts of the United States and Canada will put in an appearance, including the best known bee-keepers of the country. The programme will be an interesting one, and we look for a large attendance of Michigan bee-keepers."

Mrs. L. HARRISON, in the Indiana Farmer, tells us of the characteristics of honey gathered from various plants. "Apple honey is dark, but fine flavored, resembling the aroma of roses. That from the raspberry is light and of a delicate flavor. The justly celebrated white clover is light, and the comb is very delicate. The Linden or basswood produces light brown honey, very rich and thick, and of a golden color. The autumn honey, many seasons, appear to be mixed, different flowers, such as asters, polygumum, and many others blooming at the same time. Honey-dew, bark-lice or "bug-juce," is generally very dark, and of a sickening flavor, and the

comb has no strength; sometimes the honey looks as if sooty water from a coal chimney was mixed with it."

How BEES PREDICT THE WEATHER.—Herr Emerig of Laingen writes on German bees as storm warners. From numerous observations the writer advances the theory that on the approach of thunder-storms bees, otherwise gentle and harmless, become excited and accordingly irritable, and will at once attack any one, even their usual attendant, approaching their hives. A succession of instances are given in which the barometer foretold a storm, the bees remaining quiet, and no storm occurred; or the instruments gave no intimation of a storm, but the bees for hours before were irritable, and the storm came. He concludes, therefore, that the conduct of bees is a trustworthy indication whether a storm is impending over a certain district or not, and that, whatever the appearances, if bees are still, one need not fear a storm."

A WRITER in the British Bee Journal, describing some plants of the Miocene and Eocene Age belonging to the tertiary formation in Switzerland, quotes Prof. Heer, who supposed that there must have been at least 8,000 species of flowering plants then existing, including willows, poplars, birches, elders, laurels, etc. Various fossil wasps and bees have been found in the formations, and among them a true honey-bee (Aphis Adamitica), which, existing through successive geological periods, may be claimed as the ancestor of the present honey-bee. Whether the primitive men of the Swiss lake-dwellings did or did not cultivate bees is not known."

At the Ontario Convention an animated discussion was held on the question of food for bees in winter. A remarkable feature about it was that wintering on sugar stores found no advocate, and none expressed themselves in favor of it except as a supplement to an insufficient supply of honey. Strong things were said as to the wisdom of wintering bees on the best honey, gathered early in the season, and thoroughly evaporated."

MR. R. GOODALE, living near Ann Arbor who has 100 colonies of bees, reports a large crop of honey, of excellent quality. He says that although a large number of bee raisers lost their swarms by the long severe cold of last winter, he saved his by wintering part of them in a cellar of an even temperature, and encasing the hives in boxes stuffed with wheat chaff, protecting the top of the hives with cushions of the chaff.—*Ann Arbor Courier.*

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The Michigan Farmer

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1885.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post-office as second class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have decided to reduce the price of the FARMER for 1886, and will send it on the following terms: To those subscribing now we will send the FARMER and Household until the first of January, 1887, for \$1.50. This will make nearly fifteen months' subscription for the price of twelve.

TIME IS UP.

Our clubbing arrangement with the Free Press closed on the 20th inst. All subscriptions sent in hereafter, must be at the old price, \$2.50.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 451,819 bu., against 790,818 bu., the previous week and 449,830 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 320,093 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 1,653,364 bu., against 1,449,915 last week and 1,775,031 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of this grain on October 19 was 44,094,943 bu., against 43,632,818 the previous week, and 29,009,149 bu. at corresponding date in 1884. This shows an increase over the amount reported the previous week of 482,029 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending October 10 were 450,034 bu., against 530,031 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 4,908,171 bu. against 13,578,093 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

The market during the week reached the highest point attained since the crop began to come forward. This was on Wednesday, when, under the stimulating influences of reports that war was certain in Southern Europe, No. 1 white sold up to 85c for spot, and No. 2 red to 84c. The next day values dropped again, and the market closed quiet on Saturday with prices about 10c higher than on the previous Monday. Yesterday this market was weak at the opening, declined a few points, advanced under war rumors, and finally closed a few points under Saturday's figures. Chicago was weak all day, with some efforts on the part of operators to push up values, which were unsuccessful. At the close the tone was "bearish," with No. 2 spring at 88c, No. 3 do. at 77c, No. 2 red at 83c, and No. 3 do. at 83c per bu. Toledo was active but lower, with No. 2 soft at 90c, November at 90c, December at 91c, and May at \$1.08. Liverpool was quiet and demand rather slow at unchanged figures.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from October 1 to October 19:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Oct. 1	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
2	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
3	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
4	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
5	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
6	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
7	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
8	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
9	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
10	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
11	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
12	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
13	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
14	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
15	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
16	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
17	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
18	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
19	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white futures each day of the past week for the various days:

	Nov.	Dec.	May
Tuesday	90 1/2	88 1/2	1 00 1/2
Wednesday	90 1/2	88 1/2	1 00 1/2
Thursday	90 1/2	88 1/2	1 00 1/2
Friday	90 1/2	88 1/2	1 00 1/2
Saturday	90 1/2	88 1/2	1 00 1/2
Sunday	90 1/2	88 1/2	1 00 1/2

For No. 2 the closing prices on the various days each day of the past week were as follows:

	Nov.	Dec.	May
Tuesday	89 1/2	87 1/2	99 1/2
Wednesday	89 1/2	87 1/2	99 1/2
Thursday	89 1/2	87 1/2	99 1/2
Friday	89 1/2	87 1/2	99 1/2
Saturday	89 1/2	87 1/2	99 1/2
Sunday	89 1/2	87 1/2	99 1/2

With the present enormous stocks "in sight" it is wonderful how the market sustains itself, and how quickly it responds to reports of European complications. Its strength is due to the fact that nearly everybody now concedes that the second or third month of the new year will see much higher prices paid for wheat than at present. Many capitalists have money lying idle, and regarding wheat as most likely to return them a good margin of profit if purchased at present prices, are investing in it that grain. That is the secret of the present strength of the market in the face of the largest stocks ever known at this season of the year. When there is a reaction and prices settle a little they quickly re-

cover, and generally range higher than before the decline.

An evidence of the great deficiency of the wheat crop this season is seen by the receipts at the eight principal western lake and river ports from July 25 to Oct. 10, which have been only 15,875,982 bushels, against 29,651,831 bushels the corresponding period in 1884; 30,701,113 bushels the corresponding period in 1883, and 32,874,156 bushels the corresponding period in 1882. With flour included there would be a still more marked decrease in the movement this season.

Of the wheat crop and requirements of the United Kingdom, Sir J. B. Lawes of Rothamstead says:

"With an area under wheat of 3,354,832 acres and an estimated average yield of 32 bushels per acre, the home-grown product will amount to 9,431,017 quarters (eight bushels to the quarter), and deducting 2 bushels for seed the amount available for consumption will be 8,702,485 quarters. The estimated average population for the harvest year, Sept. 1, 1883, to August 30, 1886, is 36,617,201, and allowing for consumption 5 1/2 bushels per head, the total amount of wheat required to feed the population will be 25,890,898 quarters. The imports therefore required will be a little over 17,000,000 quarters. Last year we imported and retained for home consumption 18,000,000 quarters, while our estimated requirements did not appear to amount to more than 16 1/2 million quarters. There appears, therefore, a large surplus stock of wheat in our granaries, a sufficient reason to account for the want of life in the trade."

For all the large stocks the British markets are steady at the rates quoted a week ago, and the same is equally true of the French markets. At Liverpool No. 2 red winter is quoted at 74 3/4d per cental, and No. 2 spring at 74 3/4d per cental.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 6,974 bu., against 10,744 bu. the previous week, and 4,389 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments were 5,663 bu. The visible supply in the country on Oct. 10 amounted to 5,195,931 bu., against 6,182,493 bu. the previous week, and 6,545,807 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 956,562 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 932,981 bu., against 1,035,390 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 6,103,653 bu., against 1,932,123 bu. for the corresponding period in 1884. The stocks now held in this city amount to 15,819 bu., against 23,975 bu. last week and 7,487 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Corn is very quiet in this market, and despite the light receipts values are inclined to drop downwards. In view of the immense crop this season it can hardly be wondered at that buyers do not care about investing in present. No. 2 is quoted at 44c for spot, 39c for December delivery, and 38c for 85c for January. At Chicago the market is moderately active but a shade lower on both spot and futures than a week ago. Quotations: there are 42c for spot No. 2, 42c for October delivery, 40c for November, and 37c for the year. At Toledo the market is quiet, with spot No. 2 at 45c, October delivery at 45c, November at 43c, and the year at 38c. The Liverpool market is firm and higher for both spot and futures. Quotations there are 4s. 7 1/2d per cental for western mixed, 4s. 6d. for October delivery, 4s. 7d. for November and 4s. 6 1/2d for December.

OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 25,519 bu., against 30,995 bu. the previous week, and 29,265 bu. for the corresponding week in 1884. The shipments were 14,275 bu. The visible supply of this grain on Oct. 10 was 5,095,067 bu., against 4,115,875 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 45,179 bu., against 31,725 bu. the previous week, and 54,932 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The exports for Europe the past week were 523,471 bu., and for the last eight weeks were 2,453,399 bu., against 303,653 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1884. The visible supply shows a decrease of 522,077 bu. during the week. The market is quiet but very steady, with No. 2 white at 30c, No. 2 mixed at 28c, and light mixed at 29c. Receipts are smaller, and there has been quite an active export trade at the east. The Chicago market is quiet and steady but a little lower than a week ago. Spot No. 2 is quoted at 25c, October delivery at 25c, November at 25c, and May at 29c. By sample sales were made at 25c for No. 8 white, 25c for No. 2 mixed, and 24c for No. 3 white. The Toledo market is easy at 27c for spot No. 2 mixed, and 28c for November delivery. At New York the market is quoted active but lower than a week ago. Quotations there are as follows: No. 8 mixed, 28c; No. 3 do., 30c; No. 1 do., 32c; No. 2 Chicago mixed, 31c; No. 8 white, 30c; No. 2 do., 33c; No. 1 white, 35c; Western white, 34c; State white, 34c; State mixed, 31c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

There is nothing new to note in the local butter market, except the fact that considerable amounts of undesirable stock are on sale, and have a tendency to depress values. Quotations on creamery range from 20 to 23c according to quality, good to choice dairy is in demand at 13c to 15c; and fair at 12c to 14c; low grade stock ranges from 8 to 10c, according to its quality, or rather its lack of it. The cool weather and the probability that pastures will not last much longer, should strengthen the market, and it probably will as soon as present stocks of grease butter are worked off. At Chicago the market is firm, active and higher for creamery stock. There was a good demand from both the home trade and exporters, and the supply of choice stock was not equal to the demand. Other grades unchanged. Quotations there are as follows: Creamery, fancy, 23c; No. 1, 22c; No. 2, 21c; No. 3, 20c; No. 4, 19c; No. 5, 18c; No. 6, 17c; No. 7, 16c; No. 8, 15c; No. 9, 14c; No. 10, 13c; No. 11, 12c; No. 12, 11c; No. 13, 10c; No. 14, 9c; No. 15, 8c; No. 16, 7c; No. 17, 6c; No. 18, 5c; No. 19, 4c; No. 20, 3c; No. 21, 2c; No. 22, 1c; No. 23, 1/2c; No. 24, 1/4c; No. 25, 1/8c; No. 26, 1/16c; No. 27, 1/32c; No. 28, 1/64c; No. 29, 1/128c; No. 30, 1/256c; No. 31, 1/512c; No. 32, 1/1024c; No. 33, 1/2048c; No. 34, 1/4096c; No. 35, 1/8192c; No. 36, 1/16384c; No. 37, 1/32768c; No. 38, 1/65536c; No. 39, 1/131072c; No. 40, 1/262144c; No. 41, 1/524288c; No. 42, 1/1048576c; No. 43, 1/2097152c; No. 44, 1/4194304c; No. 45, 1/8388608c; No. 46, 1/16777216c; No. 47, 1/33554432c; No. 48, 1/67108864c; No. 49, 1/134217728c; No. 50, 1/268435456c; No. 51, 1/536870912c; No. 52, 1/1073741824c; No. 53, 1/2147483648c; No. 54, 1/4294967296c; No. 55, 1/8589934592c; No. 56, 1/17179869184c; No. 57, 1/34359738368c; No. 58, 1/68719476736c; 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Poetry.

JIM BLUDSO.

Well, no! I can't tell what he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Loudways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
What have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jim Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He wasn't no saint—then engineers
To all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez under the hill,
And another one here in Pike;
A horseless man in talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row;
But he never slunked and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well,
Never to be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nose again the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats had their day on the Mississippi,
And her day came at last—
The Moravian was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed;
And so she came tearing along that night,
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
For her furnace crammed with rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer bank on the right.
There was rumble and curn' and Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"Till hold her nose again the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burning boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he'd keep his word,
And sure as you're born they all got off
Afore the smoke stack fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He wasn't no saint—but at Judgment
I'll run my chance with Jim
'Cause of some plain gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
No sect his duty, a dead sure thing—
And went for it then and there;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be hard
On a man that died for men.

—Col. John Hay.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

O long and lagging hours of time,
How heavily the hope you mock,
How slow you creep across the clock,
When the child waits for you to chime
The year returning in its prime—
Yet all so glad! yet all so glad!

O hurray hours, when age is nigh,
So breathlessly you sweep along,
So fast your flashing circles through
By falling scenes and dazling eyes,
We scarcely see them as they fly—
And all so sad! and all so sad!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's.

Miscellaneous.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

It was nearly three o'clock on a hot summer's day. The long, polished counters of our bank, the Royal Domestic Bank, were crowded with customers. Money was flowing in and running out in the usual businesslike manner. From a raised desk in my private room, I, the business manager of the Royal Domestic Bank, looked out on the busy scene with a certain pride and pleasure.

The Royal Domestic is not a long-established institution; and, without vanity, I may say that much of its prosperity and success is attributable to the zeal and experience of its manager. In corroboration of this statement, I might refer to the last printed report of the Directors, and before the shareholders at their annual meeting, in which they are pleased to say—But after all, perhaps I may be thought guilty of undue egotism and conceit, if I repeat the flattering terms in which they speak of me.

A clerk put his head inside my door. "Mr. Thrapstow, sir, to speak to you."

"Send him in, Roberts," I said.

Charlie Thrapstow I had known from boyhood. We had both been reared in the same country town. The fact that his parents were of considerably higher social status than mine, perhaps made our subsequent intimacy all the pleasanter to me, and caused me to set a value upon his good opinion greater than his intrinsic worth. Thrapstow was a stockbroker, a very clever, pushing fellow, who had the reputation of possessing an excellent judgment and great good luck. At my request, he had brought his account to our bank. It was a good account, and the cashier had never to look twice at his checks.

Charlie, like everybody else in business, occasionally wanted money. I had let him have advances at various times, of course amply covered by securities—advances which were always promptly repaid, and the securities redeemed. At this time, he had five thousand pounds of ours, to secure which we held City of Damascus Water Company's bonds to the nominal value of ten thousand. My directors rather demurred to these bonds as being somewhat speculative in their nature, but, as I represented that the company was highly respectable, and its shares well quoted in the market, and that I had full confidence in our customer, our people sanctioned the advance.

I had, perhaps, a little uneasy feeling myself about these bonds; for they were not for everybody's money, and there might have been some little difficulty in finding a customer for them, in case of the necessity for a sudden sale.

Thrapstow came in radiant. He was a good looking fellow, with a fair beard and mustache, bright eyes of bluish gray, a nose tilted upwards, giving him a snooty, resolute air. He was always well dressed, the shiniest of boots, the most delicate shade of color in his light trousers and gloves, the glossiest of blue frock coats, a neat light dust coat over it, a blue bird's-eye scarf round his throat, in which was thrust a massive pin, containing a fine topaz, full of lustre, and yellow as beaten gold.

"Well, I've got a customer for those Damascus bonds waiting at my office. Sold 'em well, too, to Billings Brothers, who want them for an Arab firm. One premium, and I bought them at one discount."

"I'm very glad of it, Charlie," I said; and I felt really pleased, not only for Thrapstow's sake, but because I should be glad to get rid of the bonds and the directors' shrugs whenever they were mentioned.

"Hand 'em over, old fellow," said Charlie, "and I'll bring you Billings' check up in five minutes. You won't have closed by then; or, if you have, I'll come in at the private door."

I went to the safe, and put my hand in the bonds.

Charlie stood there, looking so frank and free, holding out his hand for the bonds, that I hadn't the heart to say to him, as I ought to have done—

"Bring your customer here, and let him settle for the bonds, and then I will hand them over."

I should have said this to anybody else; but somehow, I couldn't say it to Charlie. There would only be five minutes' risk; and, surely, it was no risk at all.

The thing was done in a moment. I was carried away by Thrapstow's irresistible manner. I handed over the bonds and Charlie went off like a shot.

I waited seven minutes to three, and I sat watching the hands of the clock in a little tremor, despite my full confidence in Thrapstow; but, then, I had so thorough a knowledge of all the rules of banking, that I couldn't help feeling that I had done wrong. A few moments, however, would set it right. Charlie's white hat and glittering topaz would soon put in an appearance.

Just at a minute to three, the cashier brought me three checks, with a little slip of paper attached. They were Thrapstow's checks, for fifteen hundred—twelve hundred and three hundred odd, respectively—and his balance was only five hundred odd.

I turned white and cold. "Of course you must refuse them," I said to the cashier.

When he went out, I sat in my chair quite still for a moment, bewildered at the sudden misfortune that had happened to me; Charles Thrapstow was clearly a defaulter; but there was this one chance—he might have given the checks in confidence of selling those bonds, and placing the balance to his account. In due course, these checks, which were crossed, would have been brought to the clearing house, and have been presented on the morrow. But it seemed that his creditors had some mistrust of him, and had caused the checks to be demanded out of due course.

The clock struck three. Charles had not come back. The bank doors closed with a bang. I could endure the suspense no longer.

Telling the bank porter that, if Mr. Thrapstow came, he was to be admitted at the private door, and was to be detained in my room until I returned; I went out, and made my way to his office, which was only a few hundred yards distant. He wasn't there. The clerk, a youth of fifteen, knew nothing about him. He was in Chapel Court, perhaps, anywhere, he didn't know. Had he been in within the last half hour? Well, no, the clerk did not think he had. His story, then, of the customer waiting at his office, was a lie.

With a heavy heart, I went back to the bank. No Mr. Thrapstow hadn't been in, the porter said. I took a cab and went off to the office of Mr. Gedgemont, the solicitor to the bank. I told him in confidence what had happened, and asked his advice.

"Could I get a warrant against this Thrapstow for stealing the bonds?"

"Upon my word," said Gedgemont, "I don't think you can make a criminal matter of it. It isn't larceny, because you abandoned the possession of the bonds voluntarily. No, I don't see how you can touch him. You must make a bankruptcy of him, and then you can pursue him and arrest him as having fraudulently carried off his assets."

But that advice was not good to me. I thought I was wrong in taking it. I think I ought to have gone straight off to the police office and put the affair in the hands of the detectives. Dignified men of law, like Gedgemont, always find a dozen reasons for inaction, except in matters that bring grist to their own mill.

I went home completely disheartened and dejected. How could I face the directors with such a story as that I had to tell? The only excuse that I could urge of private friendship and confidence in the man who had robbed us, would only make the matter worse.

Clearly, at the same time that I told the circumstances to the directors, I should be bound to place my resignation in their hands, to be put into force if they thought fit. And there would be little doubt but that they would accept it. How damaging, too, the story would be to me, when I tried to obtain another appointment!

I had promised to take my wife and children for an excursion down the river as soon as the bank closed, and the youngsters eagerly reminded me of my promise. I replied so savagely and sternly that the children made off in tears. My wife, coming to see what was the matter, fared little better. I must have had a sunstroke or something, she told me, and brought bandages and eau de Cologne, which I flung away in a rage, and went out of the house. I must be doing something, I felt; and I hailed a cab and drove to Thrapstow's lodgings.

Mr. Thrapstow wasn't coming home that night, his landlady told me; she thought he was away for a little jaunt, but she didn't know. He occupied the ground floor of a small house in Ecclesford street, Piccadillo—two rooms opening into each other. I told the woman that I would sit down and write a letter. She knew me well enough, as I had frequently visited Thrapstow; and she left me to myself.

Then I began to overhaul everything, to try to find out some clew to his whereabouts. A few letters were on the chim-

ney piece; there were only circulars from tradesmen. In the fireplace was a considerable quantity of charred tinder. He had evidently been burning papers recently, and a quantity of them. I turned the tinder carefully over, spreading it out upon a newspaper.

I found nothing legible except one little scrap of paper, which the fire had not altogether reduced to powder, on which I saw the name Isabel shining with metallic lustre. Then I went to the bedroom and searched that.

Here, too, were evident preparations for flight—coats and other garments thrown hastily into cupboards, boxes turned out, an odd glove or two lying upon the dressing table. I carefully searched all the pockets for letters or other documents, but I found nothing. The keys were left in all the receptacles; an instance of Charlie's thoughtfulness of others, in the midst of his rascality.

Lying upon the washstand was a card, which was blank upon one side, but on the other had the name of a photographer printed upon it. The card was wet, as if it had been soaked in water; and near the upper end of it was a round, irregular cut, which did not quite penetrate the card. It evidently once had a photograph fastened on it. Accordingly, the card had been wetted, to facilitate the removal of the photograph, whilst the face of the portrait had evidently been cut out, in order to place it in a locket or something similar.

It struck me at once that the photograph about which a man on the eve of flight would take so much trouble, must be a person very dear to him, probably his sweetheart.

Although I had been intimate with Thrapstow, he had always been very reserved as to his own friends and associates; and I had no clew to guide me to any of them, except the photographer's card.

Re-entering my cab, I drove off to the photographer's. There was no number or distinguishing mark upon the card, and the chances seemed faint that he would be able to tell me anything about it. Indeed, at first, when the man found that I wasn't a customer, he seemed little inclined to trouble himself about the matter. The promise of a fee, however, made him more reasonable, and he offered to let me see his books, that I might search for the name I wanted to find. It was unlikely that the photograph had been done for Thrapstow; if it had, there would probably appear in the books only the useless record of his address already known to me. The man shook his head. If I didn't know the name, it was no use looking; the card was nothing, he said; he sent him dreeds out, every morning. What information could he possibly give me?

Then I tried to describe the personal appearance of Thrapstow. But again he shook his head. If he hadn't taken his likeness he wouldn't be likely to remember him; hardly, even then, so many people passed through his hands.

All this time he had been carefully holding the card in his fingers, glancing at it now and then, and suddenly an idea seemed to strike him.

"Stop a bit," he said, and went into his dark chamber, and presently emerged, smelling strongly of chemicals.

"Look here," he said. I looked, and saw a faint ghostly impression of a photograph. "It's printed itself through," said the man, "they will sometimes—and I've brought it to light. Yes, I know the original of that."

Again he dived into a closet, and brought a negative with a number and label to it. Then he turned to his book and wrote out an address for me.

"Mrs. Maidmont, Lakeside Road, Nottingham Hill."

Away I went to Lakeside Road. Mrs. Maidmont's house was a small, comfortable residence, with bright windows, veranda, very gorgeous window-boxes, and striped awnings.

Mrs. Maidmont was at home, said a neat, pretty maid, and I sent in my card, with a message:

"On most important business."

The maid came back to say that her mistress did not recognize the name, but would I wait? I was shown into a pretty drawing-room on the first floor. An elderly lady rose to greet me with old-fashioned courtesy, at the same time with a good deal of uneasy curiosity in her face. This was not the original of the photograph, who was a young and charming girl.

"Madame," I said, rapidly, "I believe that my friend Charles Thrapstow, is well known to you. Now, it is of the utmost importance that I should ascertain where he is at this moment."

"Stay," said the old lady. "You are laboring under a complete mistake. I know nothing whatever of the gentleman whose name you mention—a name I never heard before."

Was she deceiving me? I did not think so.

"Perhaps Miss Maidmont may know," I said, eagerly.

"Miss Maidmont is not likely to have formed any acquaintance without her mother's knowledge," said Mrs. Maidmont with dignity.

There seemed to be no alternative but for me to retreat with apologies.

"I am very busy, you see," went on the old lady, with a wave of the hand; and, indeed, the room, now I looked about me, I saw to be strewn with preparations for some festive event, a ball, perhaps, or from a wreath of orange blossoms that I saw peeping out of a millinery box, more likely a wedding. I was about to take my departure, very reluctantly, when a young girl, a charming young girl, bounded in to the room. She was the original of the photograph.

"Oh, Mamma!" she cried, "here's a letter from poor Charlie to say he can't possibly come here to-night! Isn't it provoking? And I wanted to consult him about so many things!"

"Well, my dear Isabel," said the old lady, placidly, "You'll have enough of his company after to-morrow."

From which I jumped that my surmise as to the wedding was correct, and that Charlie was the bridegroom elect.

"By the way," she went on, "here's a gentleman, Isabel, who insists that we

know a Mr. Charles—I have forgotten the name, now."

"Thrapstow," I interjected.

"A Mr. Charles Thrapstow. You know of no such person, Bella?"

"I know of no Mr. Charles but Charles Tempest," said Isabel.

"It is singular, too, that the initials of our friends should be the same. May I ask if you have given your portrait, taken by Blubore of Kensington—"

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Maidmont, rising and sounding the bell, "this is rather too much for a total stranger. We don't know your friend, and we don't know you. Susan, show this gentleman out."

"But a gentleman," I cried, "with blue eyes, and yellow beard and mustache, and a turned up nose—"

"No more!" cried Mrs. Maidmont.

"Am I to repeat one more that we know nothing about him?"

What could I do under these circumstances but take my leave? In Susan, however, I found an unexpected ally. She had heard my parting words of description, and she turned to me as we were descending the stairs, and said:

"Miss Isabel's young man is exactly like that."

Half a crown, and a few blandishments, which, under the circumstances, I think my worthy spouse would have condoned, put me into possession of the facts.

Miss Maidmont was really going to be married to-morrow morning at St. Spike-nard's church, to a Mr. Charles Tempest, a very good looking young man whom they had not known long, but who seemed to be a person very dear to him, probably his sweetheart.

"Has Miss Maidmont a photograph of her lover?" I asked.

She had one in her room; it seemed to Susan that she couldn't get at it now without suspicion; but she promised to secure it and bring it with her, if I would meet her at nine o'clock at the corner of a street which she named.

I was punctual to my try; and, at nine o'clock, Susan made her appearance with a morocco case containing an excellent likeness of Charles Thrapstow, masquerading with topaz in it, and all.

Now, what was to be done? Should I go to Mrs. Maidmont, and tell her how she was deceived in her daughter's lover? That would have been the best adapted to spare the feelings of the Maidmonts, but would it bring back the five thousand pounds? I thought not.

"Miss Maidmont," I soliloquized, "will find some way to warn her lover. Even robbing a bank may not embitter a girl against her sweetheart, and no doubt she's over head and ears in love with Charlie." No, I determined on a different plan.

I rose early next morning, dressed myself with care, put on a pair of pale primrose gloves, donned my newest beaver, and took a cab to St. Spike-nard, Nottingham Hill.

"Friend of the bridegroom," I whispered to the usher; and I was forthwith shown into the vestry. The clergyman was there, and he shook hands with me in a vague kind of way.

"Not the bridegroom?" he said, in a mild interrogative manner. I told him that I was only one of his friends, and then we stood looking at each other in a comatose kind of way till a little confusion at the vestry door broke the spell.

"Here he comes!" whispered some one; and the next moment there appeared in the vestry, looking pale and agitated, but very handsome, Mr. Thrapstow.

I had caught him by the arm and led him into a corner before he recognized who I was. When he saw me I thought he would faint.

"Don't betray me!" he whispered.

I held out my hand with a very significant gesture.

"Five thousand," I quickly whispered in his ear.

"You shall have it in five minutes," he answered.

"Your minutes are long ones, Master Charlie," I said.

With trembling fingers he took out his pocket-book, and handed me a large roll of notes.

"I meant it for you, Tom," he said.

Perhaps he did, but we know the fate of good intentions.

It didn't take me long to count over those notes; there were exactly five thousand pounds.

"Now said I, 'Master Charlie, take yourself off!'"

"You promised," he urged, "not to betray me."

"No more I will, if you go."

"She's has ten thousand pounds of her own," he whispered.

"Be off, or else—"

"No I won't," said Charlie, making up his mind with a desperate effort. "I'll not. I'll make a clean breast of it!"

At that moment there was a bit of a stir, and a general call for the bridegroom. The bride had just arrived, people said. He pushed his way out to the carriage, and whispered a few words to Isabel, who fell back in a faint. There were a great cry and bustle; and then some one came and said that the wedding could not come off on that day.

I didn't wait to see anything further, but posted off to the Bank, and got there just as the Board were assembling. I suppose some of the Directors had got wind of Thrapstow's failure, for the first thing I heard when I got into the Board room, was old Venables, grumbling out:

"How about those Damascus bonds, Mr. Manager?"

I rode rough shod over old Venables, and tyrannized considerably over the Board in general that day; but I couldn't help thinking how close a thing it was, and how very near shipwreck I had been.

As for Thrapstow, I presently heard that after all, he had arranged with his creditors, and made it up with Miss Maidmont. He had a tongue that would wind around anything, if you only gave him hearing; that his wedding day was fixed. He hadn't sent me an invitation, and I don't suppose he will; and I certainly shall not thrust myself forward a second time as an uninvited guest.

A HIGH-TEMPERED GIRL.

"No, I won't!" said Theodora Reed, impatiently. "I won't! I won't! so there's an end of the matter."

Theodora was busy making pear marmalade, with a pocket handkerchief fastened, Beatrice Cenci fashion, over her luxuriant brown tresses, a huge checked apron enveloping her trim little figure, and sleeves rolled up above the elbow.

Deacon Powers stood opposite, nervously feeling of his bristly chin.

Theodora was young and pretty, with limpid, hazel eyes, rings of brown hair straying like floss silk over her temples, and rosy lips.

Deacon Powers was elderly and wrinkled, with an indescribable sharpness in his face, as if it had worn away in contact with the world.

"It is getting to be an imposition," said Theodora, brusquely. "Last week we had two tract distributors here, and week before that old Mr. Doddington and his wife and three children stayed here five days, so that if should be convenient for the semi-annual convention. In fact, I don't remember a single month without company since we have lived at the parsonage. And we have no girl now, and papa has the neuralgia; so you must tell this young clergyman to go somewhere else. I won't have him here!"

"But, my dear Miss Reed—"

"I'm not your dear Miss Reed," said Theodora vehemently. "If I was you would try to spare me a little of all this annoyance. Yes, I know I am the minister's daughter, and as such, am expected to have neither feelings nor preference nor sensibilities of any kind. But I'm human, after all, and I decline to keep a perpetual free hotel for every one who comes in this direction."

"Your predecessor, Miss Reed—the lamented Mrs. Smiley—was never averse to entering the saints," reproachfully uttered the deacon. "Her door was ever open, and her amiable hospitality—"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Theodora. "And she died at forty. I intend to live a great deal longer than that. She was killed by sewing societies and company and Dorcas meetings. I've had enough of that sort of thing, and I mean to stop. If the church people desire papa to entertain all creation they must raise his salary—that's all."

"But, my good young friend—"

At that moment, however, a third person unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. The door between the parlor and kitchen, which had, unperceived by Miss Reed and Deacon Powers, stood slightly ajar, opened—a tall, frank-faced young man stood there, with a decided color on his cheeks.

"Deacon Powers," said he, "pray assure this young lady that I will not trespass upon her hospitality. Perhaps we had better go on to the next place at once."

There was something in his air and manner which caused the deacon to shoot out of the kitchen like an arrow from the bow, and the next moment Theodora was alone.

She colored and bit her lip.

"It's all true," she said, "every word of it. But I'm a little sorry he heard it. Perhaps he wasn't to blame, after all."

And Theodora went vigorously on with the pear marmalade, until the old clock in the corner struck 11; and then she poured out a cup of chocolate and ran upstairs to her father's room.

Mr. Reed was sitting before his study table, his temples resting on his hands, his elbows among the chaos of books and papers. Theo went to his side at once and laid her hand on his head.

"Papa," she said wistfully, "is your neuralgia worse?"

"Very much worse, Theo," he said, lifting his pain-glazed eyes to her eager, questioning, young face. "I do not believe that I can preach to-morrow; I do not believe I can even prepare a sermon."

Theodora looked aghast.

"But, papa," said she, "what can you do? Old Dr. Denion is out of town, and—"

"My dear," said the poor clergyman, pressing his hands to his throbbing temples, "you must send a note to Mr. Hervey, and ask him to officiate in my place, as a special favor."

"Who is Mr. Hervey?" asked Theodora.

"I don't know," sighed Mr. Reed. "I only know that he is to be at Windfield this week. Most probably he will be at the Star Hotel."

"Very well, papa," said Theodora, feigning a cheerfulness that she was far from feeling. "Drink your chocolate now, there's a darling, and don't fret yourself the least bit in the world, and I will see that all arrangements are made."

So she ran down stairs and set herself to thinking.

A substitute must be found for the pulpit, and here it was 12 o'clock on Saturday.

She sat down and wrote a little note, consulting the dictionary more than once to make sure of no errors, and carefully copying the whole, because of a spattering little blot which fell as if of "malice aforethought," directly across the second line.

"DEAR MR. HERVEY.—Will you grant us the great favor of preaching in papa's place to-morrow? He is very ill of neuralgia, and is unable to prepare a sermon. We shall be greatly obliged if you will dine with us to-morrow after church."

THEODORA REED.

And after satisfying herself that it was all quite right, she carried it herself to the Star Hotel.

Mr. Hervey was not in, hadn't been in since morning.

But they would give him the note directly on his arrival; so Theodora hurried home again, and in the course of the afternoon a little colored boy from the hotel brought a card, on one side of which was engraved "Henry Hervey," while upon the other was written the words:

"With the greatest pleasure."

And the minister's daughter, "on hospitable thought intent," roasted a pair of chickens, collected the ingredients for a salad, made a peach pie, and baked a loaf of bread, which was light and white as sea foam.

"I'll show him that the country girls

understand good housekeeping," said Theo to herself.

Mr. Reed was not able to leave his sofa the next morning, so Theo put on her pretty blue and white muslin dress and the gypsy hat with the roses in it, became her delicate complexion so perfectly, and went to church, after first seeing that the table was all spread for the cold dinner, and the coffee pot simmering on the stove.

The church was full.

But to Theodora's ineffable dismay, the tall young man who walked so composedly out on the platform was no other than the frank-faced person who stood on her kitchen threshold, only the day before, and overheard her diatribe on the subject of undesired guests.

"Oh, my tongue—my unlucky tongue!" she said, frantically, to herself. "I always knew it would lead me into trouble! What must he have thought?"

And, as it may be inferred, Theodora's devotions—albeit she was in reality a sweet, sincere little Christian—did not do her much good that morning.

Mr. Hervey came across into the parsonage when the sermon was over; and held out his hand to blushing Theodora.

"We meet again," he said with a smile.

"I can't help it," burst out Theodora, in desperation. "I meant every word I said, Mr. Hervey. It was all true. But—it didn't apply to you!"

"I understand," he said, quietly. "I was a little nettled at the moment, for I merely wished for a temporary shelter while they were refurbishing my room at the Star Hotel. But I can easily see, now that I have thought the matter over in a new light, that a minister's family must be sadly pestered with volunteer guests. Pray think no more of it, Miss Reed."

And he spoke so frankly and pleasantly that Theo became quite easy, while he carved the chicken, and she prepared the crisp lettuce and the limpid oil for the salad.

He was taken up to Mr. Reed's sick room after dinner, and had a pleasant chat with him before the afternoon service.

"You have done me a great favor, sir," said the elder clergyman, when at length he parted from his guest. "And we should esteem it a privilege—my little girl and I—if you would make your home at the parsonage during your stay in town. Should we not, Theo?"

Theodora hung down her head and turned pink to the very roots of her hair.

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly.

"Only—I am ashamed to say so. Oh, papa," hiding his face on his shoulder, "I have behaved so badly! I never should have taken it for granted that Mr. Hervey was like the rest."

And then, infinitely to Mr. Hervey's amusement, she told the whole interview with Deacon Powers.

Mr. Reed smiled as he stroked Theo's head.

"My little girl is only a little girl," said he, "and sometimes forgets that the tongue is an unruly member. But she will improve as she grows older."

Mr. Hervey spent the summer at Windfield. He was revising the proof-sheets of a theological volume, and liked the quiet and seclusion of the little village.

Perhaps, too, he liked something else about it. At all events, although he did not make the parsonage his home, he spent a great deal of his time there.

"Theo," he said one day—they had become fast friends by this time—"you have tasted so many of the petty trials and annoyances of being a minister's daughter that I wonder if you would ever consent to be a minister's wife?"

"Well," said Theo, half laughing, half blushing, "it would depend a good deal upon who the minister was."

"Suppose it was Henry Hervey?"

"Do you really mean it?" said Theo, suddenly growing grave.

"It is strange, isn't it?" said he, "that I should lose my heart to such a little truant as you proved yourself the first day I ever saw you? But it is a foregone conclusion—I am entirely at your mercy. Sweet Theo, will you be my wife?"

And Theo placed her hand in his with a lovely look of awe and happiness, and answered:

"I will!"

Deacon Powers could not comprehend it all.

"If he marries such a high-tempered girl as that," said the deacon, "he does it at his peril. Why, I never was so berated in my life as I was that day at the parsonage."

But, pa, said the deacon's daughter, every woman finds her master soon or late. Now, I think Theodora Reed has found hers.

"How's Your Liver?"

In the comic opera of "The Mikado," his imperial highness says:

"To make, in some extent,
Each evil liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

A nobler task than making evil livers rivers of harmless merriment no person, king or layman, could take upon himself. The liver among the ancients was considered the source of all a man's evil impulses, and the chances are ten to one to-day that if one's liver is in an ugly condition of discontent, someone's head will be mashed before night!

"How's your liver?" is equivalent to the inquiry: Are you a bear or an angel to-day?

Nine-tenths of the "pure-cussedness," the actions for divorce, the curtain lectures, the family rows, not to speak of murders, crimes and other calamities are prompted by the irritating effect of the activity of the liver upon the brain. Fothergill, the great specialist, says this and he knows. He also knows that to prevent such catastrophes nothing equals Warner's safe cure, renowned throughout the world, as a maker of

"Each evil liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

A Wonderful Peruvian Railroad.

One of the most wonderful pieces of engineering in the world is the railroad stretching from Lima and Callao to the crest of the continent, where the famous mines of the Cerro del Pasco are, the source of the ancient riches of the country, from which tons upon tons of silver had been taken and which still hold, it the testimony of the mineralogists can be relied upon, the richest deposits on the surface of the world. The railroad was never completed. Mr. Meigs carried it from Lima to the crest of the Andes at a cost of \$27,000,000 and 7,000 human lives, and gained for himself a reputation for energy and ability surpassing any man that ever came to this continent, but he died with about fifty miles of track yet to be laid.

No one has been found with the courage to finish the work until, a few weeks ago, Michael Grace, of New York, whose brother and partner in the enterprise is the mayor of that city, made a contract with the government, under the terms that he is to be given the road as it stands, with all its equipments, if he will complete it to its original destination. He agrees to complete the remaining fifty miles of railroad and pump out of the mines of Cerro del Pasco the water that has been accumulating in them for half a lazy century, in consideration for which the government gives him that portion of the road already completed, and all the silver he can get out of the mines during the next ninety-nine years, he paying the nominal rental of \$25,000 a year for the use of the property.

The sensation of riding up this railroad, together with the rapid ascent from the sea level to the mountain's crest, produces a sickness called "sirocco," often fatal, and usually sending people to bed for several weeks. The symptoms are a terrible pressure upon the temples, nausea, bleeding of the nose and ears, and faintness, but the effect can be avoided by taking precautions and observing rules that experience has suggested, the chief one being to drink a glass of brandy and keep perfectly quiet, as the slightest degree of exercise will floor the strongest man. People who are compelled to make the ascent, if they have not become accustomed to it, usually take two or three days for the journey, stopping off at the stations along the line, and going to bed at once upon reaching the town of Chila, which stands at the summit—Philadelphia Times.

The Taking of Schwartz's Battery.

Two of the younger members of the Grant family were playing ball on the lawn at Long Branch last summer, while the general sat on the porch, smoking his cigar and watching them. The youngsters disagreed and had a rough-and-tumble contest for possession of the ball. Out of it the victor, flushed and excited, came up to where the general sat and said: "He took my ball." "Well, what did you do?" "I took it back again." The general smiled at his triumphant descendant, and turning to a friend who sat by him, said, laughingly: "Schwartz's battery is took." The story to which he alluded is one of the oldest jokes told at camp-fires and soldier reunions. It is a reported incident at Shiloh. During the battle an officer rode furiously up to General Grant, touched his cap and said with German accent: "General, I want to make you report; Schwartz's battery is took." "Ah! that's bad," said Grant: "how did it happen?" "Vhy, general, de sheenists came oop in front of us, and they come oop in der rear of us, and they come oop in der flank of us, and vell, Schwartz's battery was took." "You spiked the guns, of course?" said the general. "Vhat!" screamed the Dutchman, in excited astonishment, "schpiko dem guns, schpiko dem new guns! Tunker und blitzen, no! It would have schpiko dem." "Well, sir," said the general, sharply, "what did you do?" "Do! Do, general! Vhy, we tooked dem back again!"

Don't Bet on Another Man's Game.

Another farmer, this time in Connecticut, has come to grief by betting his money with a stranger. We have no pity to waste on a man who falls into such a trap as that, nor with any man who tries to get money out of another without giving an equivalent therefor, and loses his own cash, and his own self-respect, in doing it. If the recently victimized Connecticut farmer had been content to leave his money to the tender mercy of the savings bank, and the cashier had carried it to Canada with him, we should have had some sympathy for him in his loss, but when he set out to use his capital, as he supposed, to beat another man, he forfeited all claim to respectful consideration. There's a moral in his experience, for farmers; if any travelling stranger offers to bet with you any sum of money, on any subject whatever, set the dog on him.

N. E. Farmer.

October

My Sadie Anrella, she d
By the side of the sea
play.

And unconquered pr
In a tailor made costum
And handles the ribbon
Her fingers are little
The tarron is as neat as
And a trill a little tiger
Ah, lovely is Sadie, at d
To be blessed with her
For she smiles upon me
And sweet is her glance
gulle,
And you wonder, perchanc
cue

So graciously 'g'ven, and
And over the smooth roa
Displacing the tiger w
youth;

And I think she'd have
But steel are her finger
And just look at her tou
Ah, how should I like t
And to be just the tige

War Memories Re
Meet

A few days ago Dr.
Schofield's staff, was
known lawyer who, a
a naval officer. Du
sation Col. J. H. W
Alton Road came up
troduced the two men
and for a minute loo
ously in the eye.

"By Jove!" at l
Wood, "you're the man
after the battle of Ge
And so he was, an
seen the other before
It is needless to say
that followed was int
A naval officer who
the city recently call
friend whose acquaint
during the operation
they were talking o
who was a stranger to
in and took a seat, c
by a gesture that h
conversation was fin
slicer went on to spe
tain day when his sh
had steamed up the
tained a heavy fire o
ing that was a gre
ship had not been su
they had found out
channel was full of
"I can tell you som
broke in the stranger
a large number of to
and, right under the
morning there was
with powder. We w
ing to explode by it
and finally gave it u
towards found out a
over the beach had c
I am the man who w
ing trying to make the
On Gen. Prentiss' f
orams of the battle o
took so prominent a
ing out the striking
to a group of friends,
man came up to the
his hand, saying: "r
remember me, Gener
C. Long, and I was o
staff that day."

"Remember you
sponded Gen. Prenti
dially by the hand.
you was just before I
came spurting thro
though you were goi
my staff officer—the
and I bet the cigars
home. It was so cov
we could only guess
a bay and I bet it w
you came up to was
"So I cheated you
win a cigar, did I?
than that; it was my
captured that day."

"Is that so? How
"Well, you remem
Huribut and Sherma
each other notice if
obliged to fall back?"

"Yes."

"When Huribut's
back he sent me to g
started for your pos
horse could get ther
I knew I ran ramp
Confederates who ha
command and yours
there a good deal fa
and had a hard ques
three bullets thro
right through the ce
my cap; so I didn't
and the consequence
captured."

"So, that's the way
eral, musingly; the
ness: "Why didn't
I've a good mind to l
cago Tribune.

Business I
After the discovery
in 1848, says the Oen
communication was
or European comm
mand for supplies of
became often oppress
railways, no telegrap
which communication
intimation when any
the coast. Yet it wa
portance to the merc
the earliest opportu
coming vessel, and m
as would, in a measu
forts of his rivals.

For this purpose co
ing houses kept in c
good boat and a se
which to meet any cr
the harbor, and secu
In the front rank
houses were those of
Howard & Mellins.

One day a shout w
"A brig is coming
In a moment How
lines of his boat, and
and every arm was s
to the utmost. It w
to the brig, and the
tested. Ross was onl

HE WAS AFRAID.

My Sadie Aurelia, who drives every day by the side of the sea where the bright billows play.

And unconsciously pretty she looks as she sits in a sailor made costume, the nearest of fate, and handles the ribbon with a sprightly zeal and her fingers are a little but firmer than steel, and her throat is as neat as you'll find far and wide, and a little tiger sits perched by her side.

Oh, lovely in Sadie, at happy am I to be blessed with her, as she passes me by, for she smiles upon me in her beauty and style, and sweet is her glance when she deigns to be gentle.

And you wonder, perchance, why I don't take the cue so graciously given, and venture to woo, and over the smooth road of love's future to glide, displaying the tiger who sits by her side.

Well, yes, she is fair; she is lovely, in truth; she has gold, she has grace, she has wit, she has youth.

And I think she'd have me if I asked her enough, and steel are her fingers, and steel is her eye, and just look at her touch as she flicks off the fly! Al, how should I like it, to win such a bride, and to be just the tiger who sits by her side.

War Memories Recalled by Chance Meetings.

A few days ago Dr. Forewood of Gen. Schofield's staff, was talking with a well-known lawyer who, during the war, was a naval officer. During their conversation Col. J. H. Wood of the Chicago & Alton Road came up and the lawyer introduced the two men. They shook hands, and for a minute looked each other curiously in the eye.

"By Jove!" at last exclaimed Col. Wood, "you're the man that sewed me up after the battle of Gettysburg."

And so he was, and neither man had seen the other before the battle or since. It is needless to say that the conversation that followed was interesting.

A naval officer who was passing through the city recently called at the office of a friend whose acquaintance he had made during the operations at Charleston. As they were talking of war times a man, who was a stranger to each of them, came in and took a seat, courteously indicating by a gesture that he would wait until the conversation was finished. The naval officer went on to speak at length of a certain day when his ship, the New Ironides, had steamed up the channel and maintained a heavy fire on Fort Sumter, adding that it was a great wonder that the ship had not been sunk by a torpedo, as they had found out afterwards that the channel was full of them.

"I can tell you something about that," broke in the stranger. "We had placed a large number of torpedoes in the channel, and right under your ship all that morning there was an iron boiler filled with powder. We worked for hours trying to explode it by means of electricity and finally gave it up in despair. We afterwards found out a steamer in driving over the beach had cut one of the wires. I am the man who worked all the morning trying to make the wires work."

On Gen. Prentiss' first visit to the panorama of the battle of Shiloh, in which he took so prominent a part, he was pointing out the striking scenes and incidents to a group of friends, when a middle-aged man came up to the group and extended his hand, saying: "I don't suppose you remember me, General; my name is John C. Long, and I was on General Harburt's staff that day."

"Remember you? of course I do," responded Gen. Prentiss, shaking him cordially by the hand. "The last time I saw you was just before I was captured. You came spurring through the timber as though you were going for a doctor, and my staff officer—the only one I had left—and I bet the cigars on the color of your horse. It was so covered with foam that we could only guess at it. He bet it was a bay and I bet it was a gray, and when you came up it was a dark roan."

"So I cheated you out of a chance to win a cigar, did I? Well, I did worse than that; it was my fault that you were captured that day."

"Is that so? How was that?"

"Well, you remember that you and Harburt and Sherman agreed to give each other notice if you were any of you obliged to fall back?"

"Yes."

"When Harburt's line began to fall back he sent me to give you warning. I started for your position as fast as my horse could get through, and the first thing I knew I ran plump into a whole raft of Confederates who had got in between our command and yours. And I got out of there a good deal faster than I went in, and had a hard squeeze for it at that. I got three bullets through my clothes and one right through the center of the front of my cap; so I didn't deliver my message, and the consequence was that you were captured."

"So, that's the way of it," said the General, musingly; then, with mock fierceness: "Why didn't you obey orders, sir! I've a good mind to lick you now."—Chicago Tribune.

Business Enterprise.

After the discovery of gold in California in 1848, says the *Overland*, and before any communication was had with American or European commercial points, the demand for supplies of almost every kind became often oppressive. There were no railways, no telegraph, no steamships by which communication could be made; no intimation when any ship would approach the coast. Yet it was of the utmost importance to the merchant that he obtain the earliest opportunity to board an incoming vessel, and make such purchases as would, in a measure, forestall the efforts of his rivals.

For this purpose each of several trading houses kept in constant readiness a good boat and a set of oarsmen, with which to meet any craft that came into the harbor, and secure the first chance. In the front rank of these competing houses were those of C. L. Ross and of Howard & Mellus.

One day a boat was heard: "A brig is coming in!"

In a moment Howard had the rudder lines of his boat, and Ross those of his, and every oarsman sprung to his "ash" to the utmost. It was about three miles to the brig, and the race was closely contested. Ross was only a hundred yards

ahead when he grasped the ropes and sprang over the bulwarks.

The captain stood at the rail, and Ross accosted him in his peculiarly rapid manner: "Got any red woolen shirts?"

"Yes," said the captain, "a hundred dozen."

Without asking a single question as to the further contents of the vessel, Ross said: "What will you take for your entire cargo, everything in the ship?"

"A hundred per cent. advance on the New York invoice."

"It is done," said Ross, as he handed the skipper a hundred dollars, "and this binds the bargain."

As the captain received the money Howard reached the deck.

There were no red woolen shirts in the country, and every miner must have a pair, even if they cost him a hundred dollars—and Ross knew it.

The Talk of a Dentist.

"A ton of gold goes under ground, nearly every year," said a prominent Philadelphia dentist, "buried in the teeth and plates of people who have at one time or another been in the dental chair. The repair and refurbishment of the teeth has got to be a profession of the highest skill and proficiency. High standing in the profession is repaid with the richest rewards. The establishment of the university department of dentistry has given a great impetus to the study. Scores of able and expert young men matriculate annually. They come from all parts of the world—South America, Cuba, Mexico, the continent and Japan. This city is foremost in dental operations and dental surgery. Some of the work turned out here is wonderfully perfect. Many men and women prefer false teeth to the natural ones, if the latter are the least defective, and few people have a perfect set of teeth."

"Instruments? Why, yes, the instrumentation of a first class dentist is comprised in several large cases, like that," pointing to a series of handsome rosewood cases, and pulling out drawer after drawer, filled with delicate probes, chisels, borer, and forceps. "The manufacture of these is a great trade in itself. There is the dental engine, one of the greatest inventions in the profession, indispensable now, with its flexible screw. The electric mallet, another modern invention unknown to the old-fashioned tooth carpenter, is used by nearly all dentists and requiring a battery to run it. The rubber dam or appliance placed over the tooth and mouth of a patient to prevent moisture and saliva reaching the part operated on, is the greatest of the modern discoveries. Anyone who has been in a dentist's chair under the old plan, which necessitated packing the mouth of the patient with napkins, and since under the rubber dam, can see what infinite torture this scientific adaptation has relieved him from."

"Twenty thousand dollars a year. Yes, there are dental surgeons in this city who make that much by their profession. A clientage very often includes a whole family and the care of the teeth of each from infancy until adolescence and beyond. American dentists have the highest repute abroad—Dr. Evans, for instance, whose patients in Paris and elsewhere were emperors, kings, queens and princes of the blood."

"Gold is the best material yet found for filling teeth. Silver and compositions of various kinds, being cheaper, are used, but the royal metal is the only one which ought to be used. The manufacture of gold foil or leaf for our business is immense, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth are consumed every year."

"The teeth should be looked to often by a good dentist. Individual care early in life saves much dental work and expense. It used to be the idea that the deciduous teeth, as they were temporary affairs, needed no attention. They should be treated with greater attention than the second set. They are not filled now as much as formerly, but extracted when caries attacks them. The biblical expression, 'skin of the teeth,' is true. There is a delicate enamel, resembling epidermis in its microscopic delicacy, and covering the teeth with a beautiful polish, which is susceptible of a perfect polish, which you may see glistening on the teeth of some young people and Africans. Acids go for this, and once broken in upon caries ensues. Good and bad teeth are hereditary, but early care and professional skill will do much with even a bad natural set of teeth. A Philadelphia father I know—client of mine—has in each of his children's rooms over the lavatory the following motto: 'Say your prayers; wash your face; comb your hair; brush your teeth.' It is a good one."—Philadelphia Times.

The Story of the Yacht-Race.

An Eastern contemporary remarks: "It is curious as well as amusing to observe the intense interest manifested by the fair sex in the yachting craze. They bring to it all the enthusiasm and feeling which women usually exhibit when they become partisans, and it is surprising, too, to see how quickly and how accurately they master the nautical phraseology, which one expects only from professional boatmen or the professionals at the clubs." Yes, it is quite curious; in fact, a little more so. Even at this distance from the scene the interest manifested by the fair sex in yacht races is very great, as will be noticed from the following conversation recently overheard in a street-car:

"O, Lucy, what do you think of the yacht-race?"

"Indeed I don't know much about it. How was it?"

"O, don't you? Charlie was up as usual last night, you know, and he told me all about it—you know Charlie takes a great interest in these things."

"Yes, tell me about it."

"Well, when the Puritan started she stood on her starboard tack and broke it."

"No! what is a starboard tack?"

"I don't know, but pretty soon the Genesta luffed her spinnaker boom and passed a red buoy on the port side."

"A red buoy?—an Indian, was it?" interrupted Lucy.

"I don't know; I'll ask Charlie. And then they both stood on the starboard tack while till the Puritan's mainsail got mixed with the stern sheet—"

"What are the stern sheets?"

"I don't know; I'll ask Charlie—and the Genesta stood on some more tacks, and the Puritan held her own—"

"Held her own what?"

"I don't know; I'll ask Charlie—and then the Puritan held her own until the Genesta was a mile to the leeward—"

"The leeward? what's that?"

"I don't know; I'll ask Charlie—and by that time they both broke tacks with each other, and—"

"Broke tacks; that was bad."

"Yes, very bad; and then they rounded some more buoys, and the Puritan went in corsets and—"

"What went in corsets?" repeated Lucy, shocked.

"No, not corsets, went in stays; what Charlie said, but it's the same thing; and then the Puritan came out ahead, and the yacht—"

"The yacht—what are yachts, my dear?"

"O, I don't know, I'll ask Charlie, and—"

And here we had to get off the car.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Marking Time on the Picket Line.

At Fredericksburg a Union picket was stationed opposite Dr. Taylor's house, a half a hundred feet, to the Confederate picket: "Johnny, fix your bayonet, stick your gun in the ground and come over here for a chat." It was not an unusual thing for soldiers of both armies to fraternize when on picket duty, and so the rebel, unsuspecting of evil, fixed his bayonet and stuck his gun in the ground. No sooner had he done this than the Union picket brought his rifle to his shoulder and drew a bead on the Confederate as he shouted: "Now, you rebel son of a gun, mark time!" The disarmed man was completely at his opponent's mercy. Refusal meant death. At his solitary post he began gravely marking time for dear life. The corporal of the guard from a distance noticed the strange antics of the picket approached him and called out: "What's the matter with you? There must be no skylarking on picket."

"What's come here," remarked the unfortunate picket in a scarcely audible tone. The corporal approached him wondering. "Do you see that Yank across the river?" The corporal looked in the direction indicated, and as he saw the silent figure across the water with the rifle steadily pointed in his direction he heard a clear voice cry out: "Tell that corporal to mark time, too." The corporal did not hesitate, but promptly began keeping the picket company in his tiresome amusement.

Directly approached the sergeant of the guard on his tour of inspection. "What do you men mean?" he shouted, in a rage. "Pick up your muskets at once." But, strange to say, they did not obey him. "Come here," whispered the perspiring corporal. "Do you see that Yank across the river?" The sergeant looked, and again that clear voice broke the air: "Tell that sergeant to drop his gun and mark time." The sergeant obeyed with wonderful alacrity. Can you imagine any soldier standing on a river's bank and marking time for the amusement of a man who had a bead on them. But it didn't appear funny to the officer commanding the picket line, who noticing his men acting so strangely, came up, almost shrieking: "How dare you! Attend to your duty at once." "Come here, lieutenant," said the sergeant, who perhaps took a little malicious satisfaction in getting his superior officer into the scrape he was in. "See that Yank across there?" The officer took a disapproving look, and in a moment, at the command of the Yankee across the river, he, too, was marking time most vigorously. When the Union picket had his full enjoyment he suddenly threw himself backward over a hill in his rear, and as the Confederate curses freighted the air his shrill laugh was heard in reply. The four victims of his practical joke registered a solemn vow that they would lie in wait for that Yankee and kill him on sight. But they never had a chance.

Bakewell's Good Advice.

They tell in England a profitable anecdote about Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley, who was an eminent agriculturist and breeder of stock. He was also regarded as a very wise and shrewd man, and his neighbors were in the habit of resorting to him for counsel and advice. On one occasion an old friend went to pay him a visit for the purpose of explaining to him his position, and at the same time what he thought he would recommend him to do. He had lived all his life upon his own farm of 1,000 acres; he lived very well, but he had never saved a shilling. He had three daughters, and the eldest was about to be married; he highly approved of the match, but the intended husband expected some portion, and he had nothing to give him. Should he mortgage his estate, or what should he do? Mr. Bakewell begged him to spend the night with him, and he promised, the next morning, to give him the result of his cogitations. Accordingly, the next morning, when they met at breakfast, Bakewell said: "I have made up my mind what you ought to do; give your son-in-law one-fourth of the farm, keep the remaining three-fourths, and do not part with any portion of your capital and stocks, and work the remaining three-fourths with it. Do it better than you have hitherto done, and your income will be rather increased than diminished."

His friend followed his advice, but at the end of two or three years another daughter was to be married, and the perplexed father again resorted to his friend Bakewell for advice under this new difficulty. Bakewell coolly said he had watched his proceedings and seen their results; he must do in this case as he had done before; he must give up another fourth of his farm, and keep the original capital and stock. The farmer seemed somewhat puzzled, but as the first experiment had

succeeded, he determined to try it in this case also. Last of all the youngest daughter was to be married, and, in utter despair, the poor father paid another visit to Dishley to explain his perplexity. "Well," said Bakewell, "tell me honestly whether your income has diminished by having your farm reduced one-half?" The father acknowledged he thought it had not. "Then," said Bakewell, "you must give up another fourth of your farm, and keep the remaining 250 acres for yourself, and to tell you the truth, you will then have just such a farm as your stock, your capital and your head are fit for, and will be a better and happier man than ever." Old Bakewell used to tell this story with great glee, and declared his friend left as much stock and capital upon the 250 acres as he ever had upon the 1,000, and, as he believed, made a better income out of it. This may be a somewhat exaggerated statement, but of this I am sure; a small, well-cultivated farm will make a better return than a large, ill-cultivated one.—American Cultivator.

VARIETIES.

He was one of those talkative barbers and of Prussian extraction. "I had some great oaks last night," he said to the man he was shaving.

"How was that?"

"Well, you understand, I go to see mein best girl and she says to me: 'Heinrich, you are a barber and you want mein hair shingled in German style.' So I get mein scissors out and begin to cut her hair, and she sees mein coat ein gray hair and she says to me somehow in der shop. And she says: 'Heinrich, were you get too gray hair?'

"Und I laugh and say: 'Mary, dot hat come from your head shut now.' Und at first she would not believe it, und finally she laugh und say she give me funt cents for every gray hair more I find in her head. So I pretend to throw dos gray hair away, but I keep it on mein coat, und she see it und pretty quick I shows it to her again und says: 'Mary, here is ein older gray hair,' und she gave me funt cents. Und I play des same game on her oachtzehn times und she pay me, und last night I get blind trunk on gray hairs!"

The world will be glad of the assurance that there are some men in the humblest walks of life who can't be bought with the clink of gold. A Hoosier who lost his wife a few days ago was waited upon a few days after the funeral by a man who introduced himself as the agent of a Cincinnati medical college, and he went right to business by remarking:

"Mr. Blank, neither of us has any time to fool away. Your wife is dead and buried. I want her body for the college. I could snatch it any dark night, but that's not my way. How much cash will you buy the cadaver?"

"Dig her up at your own expense?"

"Yes."

"How much'll you give?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"And the coffin?"

"Oh, that's no use to me."

"Stranger," said the widower, "you skip or I'll shoot. If you think I'm fool enough to throw away a \$40 coffin in these hard times, you haven't sized me up right. Let the old woman stay there. She isn't cost anything for board and lodgings, and there ain't a penny out for repairs."

R. W. GILDER, editor of the *Century*, was at dinner next to a charming girl, whom he knew slightly as a clever young woman with somewhat decided ideas, which she spent a good deal of energy in carrying out. "What are you doing now?" he asked interestedly of his bright neighbor.

"Nothing, really nothing in particular just now," was the reply, "except, perhaps, some verses I have been writing."

"Oh, my dear child, don't do that," cried the editor in a tone of horrified regret. "Why, do you know you are really wasting your time? People can't get 25 cents for 5,000 verses to-day."

"Can't they?"—with sad surprise. "I can, though," she continued, "for I received \$24 for some I wrote last month."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mr. Gilder in mild amazement, "who paid you that?"

"Why, you did," cried the merry girl.

MINISTER (to Deacon of the church)—"I want to refer to a matter, my dear Deacon, that has been preying upon my mind for some time. I am sure you will overlook my apparent meddling in your affairs, knowing that I only speak for your own good." Deacon (cordially)—"Certainly, my dear sir, speak your mind freely." Minister—"I understand you have been speculating a good deal of late. Now, aside from the danger of such a business and the consequent misery it may entail upon your family, do you consider it just the proper thing for a deacon of the church?" Deacon—"Yes, I admit that I have speculated some. I cleared \$5,000 only yesterday on a wheat transaction." Minister (astonished)—"No, is that so? What is wheat worth to you?"

JOHNNY FIZZLETON, who is attending the Texas University, did not return home until about five o'clock last Monday afternoon.

"Johnny, how did you come to be kept in?" asked his father. "I gave you a written excuse."

"I know you did, pa, but I did not present it to the teacher," replied Johnny.

"Why did you not do so?"

"I regret to hurt your feelings, pa, but the truth is that your style of composition is not at all what I like. I don't know, exactly, but I feel as though she would fly to pieces, and every thing irritates and annoys her, a dose of Zoia-Phora will strengthen and soothe her nerves and rest her."

Sleeplessness is cured by Zoia-Phora.

For sick headaches there is not a more reliable preventive and cure than Zoia-Phora; it works like a charm, in many cases where everything else has failed.

And any woman who does suffer from any of those complaints peculiar to her sex, should not delay a day to use Zoia-Phora.

Our book on diseases of women and children, should be read by every woman, especially by mothers of daughters. Send in sealed envelope on receipt of five Zoia-Phora. Address.

ZOA-PHORA MEDICINE CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Zoia-Phora is sold by every prominent druggist in the State.

AGENTS for many collecting Family Pictures to be taken. Address: EMMA COOPER CO., 20 Canal Street, N.Y.

MUST TAKE HIS CHANCES.—During a revival, effort of the "boy preacher" in Chicago last week, an invitation was extended to all in the congregation who wanted special prayers to be offered up for them to arise. An old chap stood up, and the revivalist asked:

"What shall we pray for, brother?"

"Well, I am just \$30,000 on wheat."

"Yes, but we can't pray for the price of wheat to go up."

"I don't want you to; I'm into hogs just now, and it's pork I want to see boomed!"

There is a postoffice in Georgia called "Talking Rock." When a stranger asks how such a name came to be bestowed on the place, he is carefully led away from the town, and shown a large stone on which is painted the words "Talk me over." He is told to turn over the rock, and the place was so named "all soon become apparent." It requires considerable strength to turn it over, and when it is done the command, "Now turn me back and let me fool somebody else," meets the eye. It is always turned back.

Bereaved widow (to undertaker)—"Have you not made a slight mistake in your bill, Mr. Mould?"

Mr. Mould—"I think not, madam."

Bereaved Widow—"I see you have charged for 15 carriages. I am quite sure there were but fourteen. I counted them on leaving the church and also at the grave."

Chaff.

What kind of paper most resembles a sneeze?—Tissue paper.

Fame is like a greased pole. It requires the use of a great deal of sand to climb it.

Teacher—"What is velocity?" Pupil—"Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

Mr. Cobb has married Miss Webb. He knew that they were meant to be joined as soon as he spied her.

Silence is not always golden. The oyster is continually getting into broils and stew, and he is quite enough.

We don't want this new kind of umbrella with a pistol in the handle. The old kind goes off quite easily enough for us.

The fun of amateur theatricals is all on the side of those who take part in them. They are sad affairs for an audience.

Some one wants to know how to hold a bee. We never saw any difficulty in that. It was always the ability to drop him which puzzled us.

A New York dentist avers that women who talk most lose their teeth soonest. He must have been bribed to say that by a syndicate of husbands.

A preacher remarked that it was said that libel was creeping into all the churches. "If that is so," he continued, "I hope it will soon strike the contribution boxes."

Mrs. R. Hill, of Lee County has a chicken which has no feathers on it, being perfectly smooth nearly all over. It is evidently "spring chicken," grown bald from old age.

An American claims that the North Pole is the site of the old garden of Eden. Then Eve's preference for the leaves over apples is explained; they cost more and had to be imported.

Bobby said to the minister at dinner: "Can a church whistle, Mr. Longprayer?" "Why do you ask that?" "Can the church whistle, and he says he's going to let the church whistle for it."

"The American eagle still screams," thundered a silver eagle orator, holding up a silver eagle. "The eagle is the symbol of our country, and he says he's going to let the church whistle for it."

When little Willie L. first heard the brighting of a mule in the South, he was greatly frightened; but, after thinking a minute, he smiled at his fear saying: "Mamma, just hear that poor horse whinnying cough!"

"Did not the sight of the boundless blue sea, beating on the bosom white-winged fleets of commerce, all you with emotion?" "Yes," replied the traveler, "at first it did, but after a while it didn't fill me with anything. It sort of emptied me."

No use for a Fence.—Jim Fisk is said to have made this reply when asked to contribute towards building a fence around a cemetery: "Not a cent; there is no use in a fence; those who are in can't get out, and those who are out don't want to get in."

The celebrated John Randolph met a personal enemy in the street one day who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside, and politely raising his hat. "Past or present?"

Cupid's Lament.—Amor—"Alas! dear mamma, there is nothing whatever to be done with the girls just now. They are so thickly armored with wadding and whalebone that my arrows take no effect." Venus—"Never mind, my boy; next Christmas I'll buy you a little Krupp cannon."

That was a terrible tragedy in an Ohio printing office last Saturday night. A careless compositor placed a whole galley of new ads. in the foreman, in a fit of ungovernable fury, set the office work, and with one deadly blow he destroyed the unhappy printer's head and his shoulders.

A young housekeeper asks the *Norristown Herald* how to keep the juice of ples from soaking into the under crust. To which the editor of that lively sheet replies: "Our culinary education is extremely limited, but we should think that lining the under crust with sheet iron would nicely overcome the difficulty."

"Have you any live crabs?" asked a young housekeeper of a Fulton market fish dealer. "Yes, plenty of 'em. How many do you want?" "Well, I don't know, exactly, but I want to make a lot of crab apple jelly. The fishmonger said he didn't keep that kind, and considering the subject by asking him if he saw any live crabs growing in a conservatory."

There Are Women

who have none of those ailments known as Female Complaints, yet who need Zoia-Phora.

When a woman has been working about the home or sewing, or teaching, or taking care of children, or of sick ones, until her nerves are all unstrung, and she feels as though she would fly to pieces, and every thing irritates and annoys her, a dose of Zoia-Phora will strengthen and soothe her nerves and rest her.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. County of Wayne, ss. I, the Clerk of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, do hereby certify that on the 14th day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate, and Elizabeth C. Johnston, the administratrix of said estate, having rendered to me her final administration account, it is ordered that Tuesday, the tenth day of November, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for examining said account, and it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the MICHIGAN FARMER, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.

A true copy: HOMER A. FLINT, Register.

ANY LADY who can make some RUBS in four corners of each rug, or any cloth, No knots, chains, or any such thing. Easy, simple, fascinating. Send stamp for full particulars. Agents Wanted. Great money to be made. No money required. JNO. C. HOIT & CO., 210 State St., CHICAGO.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

The "Michigan Farmer" One Year and a Machine For Only \$18.00!

We have made arrangements to have manufactured for us a large number of one of the best Sewing Machines ever in use, which we shall sell at about one-third usual prices. Each machine will be nicely finished with a Box Cover, a Drop Leaf Table, and Four Drawers, and will contain a full set of the latest improved attachments. This illustration is an exact representation of the Machine we send out.

The cut below represents the "Head" or machine part of the Sewing Machine. All parts are made to gauge exactly, and are constructed of the very finest and best material. It is strong, light, simple and durable. Does to perfection all kinds of sewing and ornamental work that can be done on any machine. Each machine is thoroughly well made and fitted with the utmost nicety and exactness, and no machine is permitted by the inspectors to go out of the shop until it has been fully tested and proven to do perfect work, and run light and easy as possible. This machine has a very important improvement in moving the work from the machine.

THE LOOSE BALANCE WHEEL is actuated by a solid bolt passing through a collar secured by a screw on the shaft outside of the balance wheel, which bolt is firmly held in position by a strong spiral spring. When a bobbin is to be wound, the bolt is pulled out far enough to release the balance wheel, and turned slightly to the right or left, where it is held by a stop-pin until the bobbin is filled. Where the machine is liable to be modelled with by children, the bolt can be left out of the wheel when not in use, so that it can not be operated by the treadle.

The Thread Eyelet and the Needle Clamp are made SELF-TIGHTENING, which is a great convenience to the operator.

THE BALANCE WHEEL is handsomely finished and nickel plated.

THE IMPROVED TENSION and THREAD LIBERATOR combined add greatly to the value of this machine.

ALL THE STANDS HAVE The New Driving Wheel.

This Driving Wheel is the invention of John D. Lawless, secured by patent, dated Feb. 7, 1883, and is claimed to be the best device yet invented, being the simplest, easiest running, and most convenient of any that have been tried. It can be easily adjusted and all wear taken up by turning the cone-pointed screw. It is the only device operating on a center that does not interfere with other patents. It runs very light and smooth. The Stands have rollers in legs and the Band Wheels are hung upon self-rolling adjustable journals. Each stand is run up by steam power after it is set up until it runs very light and smooth.

We have selected this style and finish of machine as being the most desirable for family use.

We furnish the Machine complete as shown above cut, and include the following attachments, etc. One Bobbin, one Foot, one Hemmer, one Foot, one Tuck, one Bobbin, one Sewer, one Foot, one Extra Check Spring, extra Thread Plate, Gauge Screw, Wrench, Instructions.

Each Machine is Guaranteed as represented and to give satisfaction, or it may be returned and money refunded.

Address all orders to JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers MICHIGAN FARMER, 44 Larned St., West, Detroit, Mich.

EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decree granted by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, in the matter of the estate of Hugh B. McIntyre, deceased, we, the undersigned, will sell on the 26th day of November, 1885, commencing at one o'clock P.M., all the real estate of said deceased, to-wit: Lot 10 of the subdivision of lot six and seven of section 16 of the Township of Wayne, and the northeast corner of Harrison Avenue and Elm Street lot sixteen (16) of the subdivision of lots twelve and thirteen of Western section of the Township of Wayne, for lot ten (10) of the subdivision of lot six and seven of section 16 of the Township of Wayne, and the northeast corner of Harrison Avenue and Elm Street lot sixteen (16) of the subdivision of lots twelve and thirteen of Western section of the Township of Wayne, for lot ten (10) of the subdivision of lot six and seven of section 16 of the Township of Wayne, and the northeast corner of Harrison Avenue and Elm Street lot sixteen (16) of the subdivision of lots twelve and thirteen of Western section of the Township of Wayne, for lot ten (10) of the subdivision of lot six and seven of section 16 of the Township of Wayne, and the northeast corner of Harrison Avenue and Elm Street lot sixteen (16) of the subdivision of lots twelve and thirteen of Western section of the Township of Wayne, for lot ten (10) of the subdivision of lot six and seven of section 16 of the Township of Wayne, and the northeast corner of Harrison Avenue and Elm Street lot sixteen (16) of the subdivision of lots twelve and thirteen of Western section of the Township of Wayne, for lot ten (10) of the subdivision of lot six and seven of section 16 of the Township of Wayne, and the northeast corner of Harrison Avenue and Elm Street lot sixteen (16) of the subdivision of lots twelve and thirteen of Western section of the Township of Wayne, for lot ten (10) of the subdivision of lot six and seven of section 16 of the Township of Wayne, and the northeast corner of Harrison Avenue and Elm Street lot sixteen (16) of the subdivision of lots twelve and thirteen of Western section of the Township of Wayne

